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The Pacific

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[For THE PACIFIC.]

Overcoming.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna."
Like the chime of bells at even,
When the sun is sinking low,
Like some strain of richest cadence,
Which from loving lips doth flow,
So upon my weary spirit
Does this cheering message fall.
He that overcomes through Jesus
Shall inherit heaven's all.
Like some far-away reminder
In the dim, forgotten past
Of rich treasures useless, wasted
By the hands which held them fast,
So from out the mists and shadows
Which had hidden it from view
Comes this precious, heavenly promise,
With a power divinely new.
As the memory of sweet friendships
Sends a glow within the heart,
Kindling still such deep emotion
That the tears will often start,
So this promise from the Saviour
Now becomes my very own:
He that overcomes will ever
Sit with me upon my throne.
Oh! the deep and restful gladness
Which is filling all my soul,
Giving inward peace and comfort,
Though without the billows roll!
So within my quiet haven,
Sheltered from the world's great strife,
I am listening for the summons
Which will usher endless life.
Waiting patiently for Jesus,
In whose promise I believe:
He who unto death is faithful
Shall a crown of life receive.
CARRIE G. MERRILL.

Presbyterian Mission.

And now let me introduce my readers to the members of the different missions, and note their general work. Each one has his or her own distinctive work, and if the life of each were written it would form an interesting biography; but it is not written, and probably some of them would not assent to this brief notice of themselves and of their work, and yet I give it because some of the readers of THE PACIFIC have friends among this number about whom they are always anxious to hear.

First upon the list of this mission comes Dr. A. P. Happer, the oldest missionary in China, having been here since the year 1844. For a number of years he labored with Drs. Williams and Ball, of our own Board; indeed, such was the friendly relation between them that he afterwards married a daughter of Dr. Ball. It is interesting to hear him recount the experiences of his earlier missionary life, and note the advance of the missionary cause during that time. Two of his daughters have, until recently, been connected with the mission, when our representative of the Board from the Sandwich Islands carried off the eldest as his bride. It is a saying among our Presbyterian friends that they never allow any one to go out of their mission, and that those who become in any wise connected with them by marriage henceforth belong to them; however, I think we shall have to claim Mr. F. W. Damon and his new bride as Congregationalists, especially since Mrs. Damon's grandfather and grandmother belonged to the American Board. Certainly, we wish them joy and happiness in their new vocation on the island, no matter what name they bear. China will be the loser, but the Sandwich Islands will be the gainer; but we trust the work of God will be advanced wherever duty calls them to labor.

At present there is still a large circle of missionaries in the Doctor's family. Besides the present Mrs. Happer and the remaining unmarried daughter there are two young missionary ladies. Miss Mary Niles, a doctor, who is devoting her time and energies to the care of the sick and suffering, has been on the field but a short time. Miss Baird has but recently arrived, and although such persons are usually passed over in silence, I would say it requires more patience and the exercise of more faith during the first year of a missionary's life than ever afterwards.

The Doctor devotes himself chiefly to his theological students, of which he has a small class, and to the care of the First Presbyterian church. The ladies are chiefly engaged in their schools and their work among the women, and thus they toil and labor for the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom among the heathen.

Rev. H. V. Noyes comes next on the list, and finds himself fully occupied with a boy's boarding-school, where he gives instruction daily. This, with the care of a church and chapel preaching, as well as his numerous country work, makes him an exceedingly busy man. One wonders sometimes how one can do so much. His relation with our work has been most exceedingly pleasant.

But we move to another locality, where we find another of the numerous workers. Rev. B. C. Henry and wife are at home in America upon a furlough, and the mission feels its present loss very much. Then comes the young girls' boarding-school, presided over by Miss Hattie Noyes, of Medina Co., Ohio, and ably assisted by Miss Butler, of Pennsylvania, and Miss Lewis, of San Jose, Cal.

Let us enter the school for a moment,

for it is the largest of the kind in Southern China. It is the morning hour for prayer, and they all gather into a large hall, especially constructed for the purpose. The primary department, the members of which can tell you very glibly who made the world, and give you a brief synopsis of the principal doctrines of the Bible, are there. The intermediate or the higher department, some of the girls of which repeat the entire New Testament from memory, is also there. The class of women who are anxious to learn to read the colloquial Testament are likewise among the number. All there meet together, when they sing one of their Chinese hymns, or rather an English hymn translated into Chinese, and also adapted to an English tune. Then follows the reading of a chapter, participated in by the teachers and scholars. At last they all arise, and while standing in a reverent attitude before God, with their faces turned away from their teachers, a Chinese woman leads in an earnest and feeling prayer. There is no tremor in her voice while she supplicates the Father of them all. But I cannot tell you all about this work and its influence upon the heathen, for it cannot be measured by human eyes; but we know that some seventy or more pupils are continually being taught the Word of Life.

Perhaps some of you would like to know how much it costs to keep a Chinese girl or boy. About \$1.25 a month is the usual allowance for food, and their clothes do not cost a great deal more. Twenty dollars, I suppose, would amply pay for a child's yearly support. How little it seems compared to our American prices! Mrs. B. C. Henry has a little girls' orphanage, where some seven orphans are being reared and instructed, and I am sure that no American little girls are cuter and sweeter. But we must pass on to the healer of wounds, sores, bruises, cuts, and aches of all kinds. His name is familiar to many of those who read these lines, and I am sure he is worthy of this short notice. Rev. J. C. Thompson, M. D., was identified with the Chinese work in America, so that when he arrived here nearly three years ago he was somewhat acquainted with the work. Although his present medical work removes him from the scholastic duties, still he labors none the less arduously, and his earnest and devoted wife sympathizes most deeply with him in every form of Christian work, and her heart longs to tell the story to the Chinese women, and as far as she is able she is telling it by her life and her words.

Rev. Mr. White, of New York, and the Rev. Mr. Fulton of the same place, with their wives, constitute the rest of the mission, with the exception of Dr. Kerr and family, who are now in America. They are both young men of promise, and they long to press into the interior and try the fields where but little missionary work has been done. It will be an arduous undertaking, but the voice of God comes to some of our missions to press to the westward, where there are no Protestant missions.

Mrs. Cunningham, the daughter of Dr. A. P. Happer, is another earnest worker, and does what she can for the women, although she is not connected directly with the Board. She deserves so much the more praise.

And now what have been the results of these forty years of work? The foreign missionary force has increased to 21, including the wives of the missionaries, with the single ladies, 18 native preachers, 24 chapels, 607 church members, 40 school teachers, 15 Bible women, 9 colporteurs, 14 boys' schools, with an attendance of 346, 21 girls' schools with an average attendance of 572, 3 boarding schools, 1 theological school, 1 hospital, 2 dispensaries, 18,588 patients.

It is a large force with a large work, ranking second among the missions of Southern China. May the Lord bless all their labors, until not only 600 but 6,000,000 shall belong to their Church, in the prayer in which we can all join, even if our brethren are upon the field which our Board once occupied.

Yours, C. R. HAGER.

Hongkong.

Y. M. C. A.

The officers of the Association wish to warn the ministers of the city and Christian people in general against a low-sized, sharp-faced individual calling himself Ballou, who has been soliciting alms, on the claim of having been sent from the Association. He is a swindler.

Mr. C. S. Mason the recently elected General Secretary of the Association at Honolulu, was tendered a parlor reception by the local institution at their building on Thursday evening, July 31st.

Dr. N. W. Lane, State Secretary has begun work in connection with the local Association for August. The Sunday afternoon gospel service, the Sunday afternoon young men's meeting, the Monday evening training class in lay work, the Friday noon meeting, and the Saturday evening gospel meeting for young men, are all in his charge for the month. The Friday evening Bible-class continues to be conducted by Mr. H. L. Gear; young men are welcome at all these services.

Vacation Notes.

"Nothing more preserves men in their wits, Than giving of them leave to play by fits."

So runs the ancient doggerel, and its truth is as patent now as ever. There is no doubt but that the laity has good cause for grumbling at the prosiness of the clergy; but how much more commonplace and tedious would the latter become if they could not catch some of Nature's inspiration, and bravely voice the fresh, grand, soul- uplifting whispings of the ocean, the woods, the mountains. He is not half a man and rarely not a quarter of a clergyman who does not love companionship with Nature, and whose soul cannot understand something of nature's language—the caroling of birds, the rumbling of the ocean, the sighing of the wind through the pines, the rushing of the torrent, the loud stillness of the mountains. Books are good, to be sure; they are the bread of our mental pabulum; character as it is read in our daily experiences teaches us much wisdom; but these are insufficient if the book of Nature, open to us everywhere, is left unread, and we do not lay by a store of that knowledge which needs no tutor, yet which is as valuable as many languages, living or dead, and is of as much practical usefulness as many theologies, new or old.

In short, I was tired. Perhaps my people were tired, too. I hope not. At any rate, they said: "You can go for a month, and may you have the best of fisherman's luck."

That was sufficient. Guns, rods, blankets, saddle, etc., were strapped to the back-board. There was a hasty promise to not get shot, and to always wrap up my head nights (spiders) and not to get my feet wet (slippery logs) and not to get lost in the woods, etc. (You married men know the parting injunctions.) We whirled away alone in the darkness, for a thirty-five-mile night ride in the Sierras.

There were no adventures unless shouting till I was hoarse to route up the sleepy toll-gate-keeper could be called one. Occasionally we yelled back an answer to a distant coyote, and refreshed the inner man with a bite at a cracker and a long pull at the black (coffee) bottle.

At 3:30 we reached Forest Hill. The brave little horse headed for her accustomed stable, but we pulled away and struck out again into the darkness of the pines. On we went, over the mountains, until, at 5 o'clock, we reached Michigan Bluffs, and found awaiting us, with horses bridled and saddled, and mules packed, a dozen gentlemen from the Hidden Treasure mine, ready for their annual hunt.

Out came the mare, and off went the harness. A vigorous rubbing down, a half peck of barley, and in half an hour she was under the saddle and off for another thirty-five miles.

And such a ride! There was no road, only the poorest of trails. Straight up, a thousand feet, winding and doubling ten miles up the mountain, we reached the top of the Deadwood divide. There we breakfasted, and the mare had more barley and looked "as fresh as a daisy." Off again, down the canyon and up the other side another thousand feet, over places where none but a mountain horse could obtain footing, and along precipices, where a misstep would hurl horse and rider down hundreds of feet; through forests whose tall pines seemed to pierce the very heavens, and past openings, in one of which I plucked, as I rode along, a bouquet of eighteen varieties of flowers, whose beauty and brilliancy rivaled the choicest products of your cultivated gardens.

As we rose in the air our spirits kept us company. The air grew cold and bracing. Snow appeared in spots. Jokes passed thick and fast along the line, from the Irishman in front to the Welshman in the rear, who hurled an answer back with interest. Songs rang out in robust chorus, and the cliffs sent back the echo of many a hearty laugh.

At noon Last Chance is reached. Dinner is eaten with a relish. Isn't it strange how soon one finds an appetite, and can eat heartily of viands that are rarely found on the home table—*c. g.*, pork, and lots of it?

The mare has now been climbing the mountains fifteen hours, but seems as fresh as ever. It looks hard, but after a rub down and more barley, on again with the saddle, and away we go for another twelve miles.

The snow appears more frequently. We are now 4,500 feet above the sea, and all the hollows and protected places are white with the remnants of winter's chilly mantle. Down we go into Duncan's canyon, and at its base we find a brawling torrent ten yards across, and threatening to stop our further progress. A council of war is held. "No use, boys, the current is too swift and deep." But Billy Sparks pulls his hat over his eyes, gives the parson his rifle, sets spurs to his good horse, plunges in, and crosses in safety. Then follows the Irishman. But alas! for the honor of the Emerald Isle, the current sweeps poor pony off his feet; the rider yells, spurs and jerks; pony struggles gamely, but falls; Norton goes over his head, and amid shouts of laughter plunges back

again, and wrings the ice-cold water from his garments. The parson now tries it, and succeeds, and is followed by one of two others. Then the driver forces the mules to make the attempt. Two cross in safety, but the pack of the third hangs too low. The current strikes it, and the poor mule is instantly borne down the stream, casting imploring glances at us on either bank. A rush is made to save him; one grabs his ear, another the bridle, another the tail; a rope is passed around his neck; we pull with all our might. Muley hangs back, but the Irishman throws rocks. That settled it, and with a groan and a plunge muley is hauled on shore, and everything is lovely.

But all's well that ends well. The ford is at last made, and on we push, until, at 6 o'clock, we enter upon a series of beautiful meadows, through which run the headwaters of the American river. The thick grass reaches the knees of our horses. All about us rise the pines, and beyond them, on every side, snow-capped mountains enclose us in their grand embrace, and protect us from their chilly winds. Deer trails intersect the meadows in every direction, and the foaming river is full of eddying pools, that betoken hiding places for the speckled beauties.

With an impulse we raise a cheer for "French Meadows," and in a few minutes, free from saddles and packs, the horses, mules and jacks are rolling and tumbling, half buried in the green verdure. There is no danger of their leaving such a paradise, and we let them run at their own sweet wills.

True to his fisherman's instinct, the parson at once gets out his fishing tackle, selects a brown backle and gray miller, and hardly have the flies lightly touched the water before, swish! a lively trout has seized the deception and the catching of the first fish scores one to the credit of "the cloth."

I wish I could tell you all about those merry times; of the routing out at day-break, and the tramp through the frosty meadows after deer, the sharp crack of the rifle, the jump, run and fall of the antlered buck; the whipping of the pools into ripples with the light flies, and the greedy jump of the trout; the knocking of the grouse from out the lofty spruces; the catching of the fawns in the brush; and the red light of the camp-fire. Surely, my brethren, you are welcome to pass your vacation days where you will. You can wear your "store clothes" the year round, and for a few days bask in the sunshine surrounded by the fashion of Monterey and Santa Cruz, or pay big bills at the Yosemite; but give me the rough flannels and blanket-lined overalls, the fresh air and frosty nights of the Sierras; the trackless woods, and snow-capped peaks; the rush and foam of the mountain torrent. Take your medicine and pills if you must and diet for dyspepsia, but if all else fail you bestride a good horse, shoulder a Winchester and fly rod, leave your books and all your cares behind you, and learn from Nature's companionship the secret of health in body and in mind.

I have held services in many romantic places—in the woods of Maine, beneath the shade of the cotton woods on Colorado's plains, and under the shelter of the grand old Rockies; but never did I preach in such a temple as that which was opened for us by the Great Architect in the very heart of the Sierras; never did music seem to me so inspiring nor devotion seem so fitting as when beneath the pines we all joined in the grand old hymn: "Come thou fount of every blessing." And as I rose to say a few words about the love of God as revealed in nature, these lines of Longfellow rushed instantly through my mind:

"Like two cathedral towers, these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits, tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones—
Not art, but nature, traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines.
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans;
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones;
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! The pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! The choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries, beneath the eaves—
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be dead,
And learn there may be worship without words."

W. B. W.

Caste.

And what is "caste"? Well, in so-called civilized society it means difference in position—just say money outright; for if you have money you are thought more of than if you have not, and the more money the higher the position or caste. Of course, this is a low, base idea, but it has become so interwoven with our very natures that it seems impossible for some to outgrow it.

But why do we say money? Because money can buy all that this world calls good and great, and to be surrounded by wealth in the shape of houses, lands, etc., personal luxuries, consisting of elegant furniture, costly attire, dainty food, etc., puts one into a good position or a higher caste than those not thus favored, and the more of these one possesses the higher the caste.

Now, riches are not to be despised. In themselves they do not make us better nor worse; how we use them does that. Value them because they lift us above our fellows, and at last they will drag our higher natures lower than the lowest depths. Use them and value them because they enable us to relieve the sad, poverty-stricken and anxious ones around, and they become angels, as it were, beckoning us upwards, where purer gold and more lasting treasures will be given us. Gold! so basely used, how can ye lift the soul higher? When will ye cease to be used to set man at variance with his brother, aid him in vanishing himself, while with complacency he treads on his brother's body as if it were a sod of earth?

Now, if there is to be caste at all, let it be based upon worth of character. Place each man and woman in certain castes because they have more or less of goodness, are more or less useful. But who is to determine that? In a measure, we can ourselves. Still, is not the little brook as useful in its way, fertilizing all around it, as the broad ocean, over which are brought to us the produce and industries of foreign lands? We have nothing to do with caste. Banish the word. We are all brothers and sisters in this wide world, as in a big schoolroom. True, some scholars may be lazy, but shame them out of that by showing them the blessings that accrue from a useful life. Some may seem dull and stupid. Don't laugh at them, but teach them what you know. Others may be sad; cheer them with your cheerfulness. Some may be haughty; bear with them, but at the same time try to cure them by gentleness of speech and manner. Some may be poorer than you are; will you shun them? Who gave you your riches? Remember, they are only lent; so respect, and not despise, the less-favored of humanity. Do not mistake patronage for respect.

And, after all, what is caste? Merely a ludicrous and grotesque toy to the wise, who look with pity upon the foolish, who take so much delight in playing with it, and wonder when they will become men and women in heart, soul and mind, as well as in body.

Rev. Geo. Leon Walker of Connecticut will preach the annual sermon at the meeting of the American Missionary Association in October, in Salem, Mass.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Miss H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary and Address of "Columbia," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. J. H. Warren, 1526 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Redwood City, Home Secretaries.

Word from Broosa.

(Continuation of Mrs. Baldwin's letter.)

Our girls work so hard that we are always glad to see them go home for vacations; and the bright faces of the parents show that it has been no small sacrifice for them to spare their daughters for so long a time. Cheerily we bid them good-bye, for we feel that but few changes can come in the short fortnight, and only those who live near can go home.

One of the girls living in the other end of the town invited the youngest of those who were to remain with us to go home with her for the vacation, and we felt like gratifying them—so let her go. Then we had only three left us besides Calliope, and even she went afterwards at the urgent request of her mother, though there was but a week left to her. But her mother had her own plans to carry out, and our dear Calliope has not come back to us. According to the custom of the country, of parents assuming all responsibility for betrothing and marrying off their children, the mother has wished for some time to arrange this matter for Calliope, but we thought that, owing to her maturity and delicate perceptions, she would have more to say about it herself than is accorded to other girls. But in the mother's eyes she was still a child, and when once in Constantinople the betrothal—yes, and the marriage, too—was hastily arranged, and when we were looking for Calliope by the arrival of every steamer, imagine our surprise to receive a letter by Friday evening's mail saying she was to be married on Saturday, the 26th of April. It was a terrible blow to us, and we hardly knew how to communicate the sudden news to the girls. They loved her so, and she had such an influence over them all for good that it seemed as if one of our strongest props had been taken from beneath us. With a sad heart we packed her things, for her future home is to be in Athens, and there was no time for delay. We found drawers and boxes in beautiful order, so we hadn't much trouble, and we enjoyed putting in little surprises here and there, which will be reminders of her life in dear Broosa, as she calls it. I sent her a few things from the Cal-

ifornia box, among them the pretty shawl made expressly for her, and which will be so becoming for a bride. No one could prize them more than she will, and we know it was not her choice to leave us in this sudden manner. But we trust she will be happy in her new sphere, and, as one of the girls said, "wherever she goes she will do good." As we were packing the box, they all wrote little messages for us to send, and one said, "May you be a light there as you were here." We miss her every day, and I find I have many more steps to take and many more things to look after than when she was here. I hardly realized what a great help she was in the housekeeping department, though I knew I felt very comfortable when I had entrusted anything to her. We have called Euthalia, one of our girls who left school two years ago, from her little school at Denndesh to take C.'s place for this term. At this season, when the silkworms need so much care, many of the children there will be kept at home, while ours will come regularly. For more permanent plans we must wait till after the summer vacation. On account of fast-days, and the custom of going frequently to the Turkish bath, our day pupils were getting into the habit of losing many a day and half-day, so we have made a rule that if any one is absent three days for any reason except that of sickness, she will be dismissed for the rest of the term. I think the attendance will immediately improve.

Our vacation passed quickly and pleasantly, for we had several friends from the Constantinople circle to visit us, and as we have so little society here, you may imagine how we enjoyed it. All through term time we are too busy to even think of inviting friends, so we give ourselves up to it in Easter vacation. We had most delightful weather, and every one seemed charmed with our home (the school building) and the lovely views spread out before us like a picture all the time.

You ask about the girls to whom scholarships are assigned. Their names are as follows: Euthalia, Meropi, Erasmus, Maria, Olga, Athena, Kleoini, Maritza and Anastasia. Excuse the abrupt ending.

Most affectionately yours,
T. I. BALDWIN.

Good News from Oregon.

DEAR W. B. M. P.: Did you ever have a Branch? A tiny bud appeared under the genial influence of the sunshine of the General Association which convened at Portland the other day. The bud had the presumption to call itself a Branch.

Not even leaves have appeared as yet. Still, wrapped in the little bud there is promise of fruit. Will you own the Branch? May we be grafted in and share in the life and vigor of the vine?

A year ago at Walla Walla the ladies present at the Association organized a Missionary Society, which was to unite home and foreign work. Only one who was present at that meeting came down to Portland. Some work had been done, but there was no one to report it. When we were turned out of doors by the ministerial Association, we gathered down stairs in an impromptu missionary meeting. Mrs. Gray of The Dalles told the story of the former meeting, and an animated and delightfully informal discussion followed. The result of it all was the appointment of a committee to consult as to the wisdom of organizing two separate societies, and, if deemed advisable so to do, to report, at a subsequent meeting, plans of organization. In accordance with the unanimous recommendation of the committee and the uniform opinion of the ladies present, so far as expressed, with the hearty appreciation of the work done last year, it was decided to organize a Woman's Home Missionary Society, and also a branch of the W. B. M. P.

As we, of course, had no place in the programme, our work was necessarily hurried. Yet, it was with deliberation, and with a deep sense of the responsibility involved, that the few present proceeded to complete the organization of these two societies. The Oregon and Washington Territory branch of the W. B. M. P. consists, for the time being, of the following officers: President, Mrs. F. R. Marion of Portland; Vice-President, Mrs. G. A. Rockwood of Oregon City; Secretary, Mrs. U. C. Bosworth of Forest Grove; Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Allen of Portland; Auditor, Mrs. Geo. Steel of Portland. So far as is known the First church of Portland has the only Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in all the Congregational churches of the region covered by this Association—that is, all of Oregon and all of Washington Territory "east of the mountains." But, God willing, there will be more than one ere another twelve months roll around.

The Oregon and Washington Territory Woman's Home Missionary Society is well officered, having as President Mrs. G. H. Atkinson, Portland; Vice-President, Mrs. J. W. Harris, Albany; Secretary, Mrs. N. F. Cobleigh, Walla Walla; Treasurer, Mrs. S. C. Hatch, Salem; Auditor, Miss Grace Hanna, Corvallis. Mrs. U. C. Bosworth, Forest Grove, Or., July 24, 1884.

Home Circle.

The Mother's Prayer-Song.

"Father, what'er of earthly bliss—
Thy sovereign will denies—
A faint and faltering voice it is,
And little more than sighs,
That breaks the stillness of the room
Where the dead baby lies—
"Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise."
"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free—
Afresh her tears like torrents start,
And rain tempestuously,
Till like the bow above the gloom,
Breaks the lowliest melody—
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee."

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine!"—
Fresh sobe and quiverings blend,
Low, lingers on her lips the line,
"My life and death attend."
Then flees the shadow from the tomb;
New joys her fears transcend—
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown that journey's end."
W. C. Richards in *Youth's Companion*.

The Suppression of Vice.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK AND HIS WORK.

Anthony Comstock, the vigilant and indefatigable Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in New York city, was in 1872 a clerk in the wholesale dry goods house of Cochran, McLean & Co., on Broadway, New York. Here he discovered two persons selling obscene books and pictures to his associate clerks. He at once caused their arrest. The courts paid little or no attention to these cases. The editor of the *New York Tribune* was appealed to, and he published an article demanding that the laws be enforced. Some of the scurrilous papers responded by attacking Mr. Comstock. This led to the examination of the facts, when it was discovered that there was a systematic business carried on, on an alarming scale, consisting not only of books and pictures of the most corrupt character, but insidious articles of vice and secret crime, the business being openly and boldly advertised in nearly all the so-called sporting and other secular papers of that day. So public was this vice that not only were the worst and most notoriously obscene books advertised by name, but they were publicly displayed on newsstands and in secondhand bookstores throughout the country, while printed advertisements containing 165 different books and all the paraphernalia of sin most loathsome were freely distributed. Without friends or means, young Comstock addressed a letter on the subject to Mr. Robert R. McCormick, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. The letter by mere accident fell under the eye of Morris K. Jesup, the well-known banker and philanthropist, and the then President of the Association, who, being so overwhelmed with disgust, became absorbed in the matter, and, without delay, sought out the writer and ascertained the facts. Mr. Jesup immediately drew his check for \$600 and started Comstock on the track of the manufacturers and publishers, and in less than a week over \$200,000 worth of steel and copper-plate engravings, electrotype and wood cuts were seized, as well as over \$16,000 worth of the vilest and most loathsome stuff. A committee of wealthy and influential business men was appointed to sustain Comstock in his work.

The New York Legislature was appealed to, and, in 1873, "The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice," was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The first requisite was good laws. Congress passed a law prohibiting the transmission of any obscene article by mail, and the New York Legislature passed equally stringent laws against the sale and circulation of such matter. The plates for printing and illustrating these obscene books and pamphlets were seized and destroyed. Thousands of negatives were seized from which obscene pictures were made, and books which were openly displayed on newsstands and sold under the eyes of the police were soon suppressed. Where there were manufacturers of obscene publications and articles for criminal use they no longer exist. One of the most notable of these was located in Greenpoint, where a woman as superintendent and girls of various ages in the employ, making articles and stuff, the description of which cannot be printed. In 1875 conspiracies were entered into by the society's enemies to ruin and crush Mr. Comstock, and upon his head there is yet a persistent effort to cast reproach, and to misrepresent and vilify. In 1876 another effort was made by infidels, ex-convicts and so-called liberals, to repeal the laws of Congress. Plots, blacker than in any previous year, were formed to create an adverse public sentiment against the society and its efforts, by the publication of atrocious falsehoods. They not only most signally failed, but the law was amended and broadened in its scope instead of being repealed. Numerous attempts have been made to bribe the Secretary. The most flagrant of these was where \$20,000 in cash was offered to be placed in the letter-box on the office door of the society's headquarters, if certain parties were "let up on"; attacks have also been made upon the methods and motives employed by the society; law-suits for the purpose of intimidation have been frequent, these being brought for sums varying from ten to fifty thousand dollars each. Since the organization of the society, tons weight of the vilest stuff has been seized and destroyed, including books, obscene pictures, photographs, microscopic pictures for charms, knives, etc., negative obscene plates, engraved steel and copper plates, woodcuts, electroplates, stereoplates for printing books, etc., lithographic stones, rubber articles for immoral use, lead molds for making obscene matter, innocent playing cards,

boxes of pills, powders, etc., used by abortionists, circulars, catalogues, poems, songs, newspapers containing unlawful advertisements and obscene matter, obscene pictures framed on walls of saloons, figures and images, names and addresses of students, boys and girls in the various colleges and seminaries throughout the United States, etc.

In the prosecution of his work, Mr. Comstock's life has been attacked upon several occasions, the most cowardly of which occurred in 1875, while personally taking a prisoner from a carriage into the jail yard, at Newark, N. J., with a knife, which the prisoner had concealed in his sleeve. As he emerged from the vehicle he plunged it into Comstock's face, laying the whole left side of his face open. Being a powerfully built and courageous man, he, with blood streaming over him, held his prisoner until assistance came, when he was securely caged. Mr. Comstock lay for several months, at his residence, in Brooklyn, and his life at one time was despaired of. As well as being Secretary and Chief Special Agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, Mr. Comstock is a Special Agent of the United States Postoffice Department. His name is a household word in the East and is a terror to that class who would seek to destroy the youth of our land.—*Chas. R. Bennett*.

"Low Household Duties."

Professor Adler, who has no sympathy with the religious life, and has spoken contemptuously of Christian work for the poor, has now undertaken to advocate "reform in home life." He is reported as saying, as we read in the *Evening Post*, that "too much drudgery is imposed upon our women, the kitchen being made the 'base of our houses,' and woman, being occupied with low household duties, is unable to exercise those ennobling influences we demand of her. In the same way, the mother, being busy in the kitchen, has no time to train herself to understand the 'soul life' of the child, which explains much of the misunderstanding between them which we so often notice. Professor Adler thinks that some form of co-operative housekeeping is what is needed to liberate the mother from her present slavery. There is more 'bosh' and gush than good sense in such talk as this. Without doubt there is sad need of improvement in the ways and means of housekeeping, and wives and mothers have 'duties' that are wearisome, vexatious and sometimes almost intolerable. But those duties are not 'low,' and there is no true conception of the nature of domestic life in the mind of one who can speak of them in such words.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."
George Herbert had the true idea of labor, an idea that an agnostic cannot have. Mr. Adler's "co-operative housekeeping" has been tried over and over again; every socialistic community has had its foundation in a desire to escape the disagreeables of domestic life, and, by sharing them, to minimize them. Failures, all and everywhere. The truth which social reform will never learn is that there are ungenial "duties" in every condition of life. To avoid them is impossible. To perform them with a cheerful spirit, in the love of God and our fellows, renders life sweet and enjoyable. He who calls them "low" puts a stigma on labor which it does not deserve.—*New York Observer*.

The Richest Man.

A writer in the *New York Morning Journal* represents Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt to be the richest man in the world. In January, 1883, Mr. Vanderbilt reported himself to be worth \$149,000,000. Quoting from a recent conversation with a friend, this writer makes Mr. Vanderbilt say: "In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth \$200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him two per cent. A year from now I shall be worth more than \$200,000,000, and will have an income equal to six per cent. on that amount." It is possible the wealth of our railroad king exceeds that of any other modern magnate, but when compared with the estimated riches of Solomon, and especially when the relative value of their fortunes is taken into consideration, Mr. Vanderbilt's principal is only about one-third of Solomon's estimated yearly income. Mr. Reynolds, a London mathematician, as quoted by Dr. A. Clarke, makes Solomon's income \$142,242,034, \$5. 7d.

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Vanderbilt is, after all, a comparatively poor man, and however profitable his investments, he can never hope to be as rich as Solomon. Nor need he care to be, since he has no doubt become convinced that Solomon had a true estimate of all the supposed advantages of wealth when he declared that they were "vanity" and only brought him "vexation of spirit."—*Baptist Weekly*.

E. A. Goodnow, of Worcester, Mass., has given Iowa College at Grinnell \$10,000 for a library and observatory, on condition that the trustees assume the perpetual payment of six per cent. interest on that sum, the money to be used for scholarships to help ten worthy girls in getting an education.

Gratuitous instruction in practical art is given workmen in France, while in Germany and Switzerland linear drawing is regularly taught. The British Commission on Technical Instruction has advised that drawing and natural science be thoroughly taught in the British elementary schools.

The Baltimore School Board has not, it seems, made itself popular in authorizing the study of German in the primary schools.

"Tate, Again" By

"Why here's Tate!" observed old Farwell from the tavern platform. His remark served a double purpose—it accosted Tate Sykes, and also let the other frequenters know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of maudlin sympathy, "How do you find yourself, after yesterday?"

"Middlin' well," said Tate, gravely; but walking on.
"Why, look ahere, ye ain't agoin' by, be ye?" Why, boys, here's Tate agoin' by!"

Farwell's tone had changed from sentiment to intense astonishment, as if it couldn't be that Tate was passing their mutual haunt. Tate Sykes, whose nostrils loved the scent of liquor that floated through the open door, and who always turned in for one glass! It often became more.

But two days before, a sad-eyed, tattered woman burst in upon their revels, her face full of agony.

"Where's my man? Where's Tate Sykes?" Then, imperatively, "Come home, Tate. Bess wants you; she's dying."

Tate had some manhood left, for he set his glass down with a groan and followed his wife out, bare-headed, in an unwonted stillness.
That was the last they saw of Tate at the tavern until then, and he was going by. Farwell felt that it was unnatural. What had gone wrong? Farwell scratched his slightly muddled head for the clew, then slapped his knee emphatically when he thought he found it.

"Hold on, Tate. Mebbe ye thought we'd ought to be here, us boys, bein' as we was old friends?"
Tate stopped, but did not reply. His hands were clenched, and a great struggle was written on his face. He looked like one ready for conflict, and he was; not, however, with the poor deluded men he had drunk with, but with the powers of darkness. Farwell broke the awkward silence.

"We felt for ye, Tate. If we'd had the money we'd done the handsome thing with flowers and such. I wouldn't be grudging comin' down with a hack'n' span o' horses; fact Tate; but I hadn't the needful, you know that, old boy. There ain't a man in the county I'd help out sooner, but I couldn't. Ye hadn't order lay it up again us, Tate."

"Boys," said Tate, hoarsely, with frequent pauses to conquer emotion, "I didn't expect ye—to folly my little gal—to to the grave. And yer posies would—a been—too late—too late. Ye see, it had been—all thorns for her—alluz—them her father planted."

A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and wept like a child.

"The boys" were silent. Old Farwell laid his pipe aside, and rose with the majesty of a purpose.

"There, there, Tate, don't ye take on so, man. She's gone, and parting's hard, but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop o' something. It'll tone you up. Come, all, I'll stand treat."

They all started eagerly towards the bar-room except Tate. There was fierce longing in his bloodshot eyes, and every breath he drew of the impregnated air increased his thirst; but, to the surprise of all, Tate Sykes declined to drink, even implored Farwell not to urge him.

Farwell paused, angrily, the faces of the others darkened, also. Their murmurs would have been less gentle, only they remembered that Tate's child was dead, and most of these men, alas! were fathers, too! They meant some time to turn about, but their good resolutions decayed with the old tavern.

"Don't never ask me to drink!" cried Tate, "for I can't! Don't ever call me in here again, for if I do, I'll shoot myself. I wouldn't be fit to live if I forgot the vows I made by that little grave. Sit down a bit; I'll tell ye how I come to this."

Then Tate began, in a strange, hoarse voice:
"Ye all knew my Meg come after me that night. She said Bess was dyin'. I thought she had—left us—when I got home, she was so white and still. 'She wanted you, Tate,' says Meg. 'She couldn't be easy 'bout ye. She telled me to go fetch father; now'd wait. Oh, Tate, how I ran, and now it's too late! She's gone without her dyin' wish! Meg cried softly, whieperin' this, bit by bit, betwixt the tears. I can't tell ye what I felt, boys, settin' there beside my little gal. There wa'n't nothin' comfortable for such as she in that poor room. It goes without sayin' there couldn't be, and me spendin' what I did here."

"Well, boys, whilst I was lookin' at her, all of a sudden, the color flashed into her sweet face, and them dear—Tate's voice shook—'darlin' eyes flied open—but not to see me, boys; they looked straight for'ard, beyant and up'ards, and, says she, startled like, 'I can't go alone—it's dark—go part way with me, father, dear!'"

Tate groaned as he had the night he was summoned from the bar-room. When he could speak, he said:
"Them was her last words. She give a great sigh, and left us. There wa'n't no backin' out for her, boys, even if her father couldn't go part way with cheerin' words an' Scriptur'. She had to go alone, in the dark, my poor little gal. It come over me then, what I was and what I ought to be. There's no other left me, please God I'll go part way with her!"

Tate had arisen. He stood erect as he uttered his vow, in a clear distinct voice that reached even the man behind the bar. The fierce appetite had gone from Tate's eyes; they glowed with his new-born purpose. None of his old comrades detained him as he turned and left the old tavern forever.—*Helen Pearson Barnard in New York Observer*.

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The sermon on our second page was read before the Humboldt Association by Rev. C. A. Huntington, of the First church in Eureka, at its last meeting in Hydenville, and is published by request of the Association.

About a year ago we were surprised and pleased to hear that the Rev. Frank H. Taylor was on this Coast, and preaching at Seattle, W. T. Last week we were surprised and pained to receive a notice of his tragic and sudden death, by accident, at the early age of 28. Two years ago we met him in Guilford, Conn., as pastor of the ancient church of that venerable town, the birthplace of one of us and the home of our ancestors since 1639, when the place was settled, at the planting of the New Haven Colony. We heard him preach two or three times, and once, in July, we preached for him. Once he drove us, with his horse and buggy, several miles into one of the remotest districts which we wished to visit. Then he was planning for that borough and people, and seemed happy in the thought of living in such a staunch old place, and trying to keep the religious life vigorous in the ancient seats of life, wealth and power. He had almost an ideal parish. The village is one of the handsomest. The view from the hills, over the plain, the town, the sea, is rarely surpassed. The railway skirts the village. The life and stir of the great world are just out of hearing. Beautiful New Haven and the great university are only a half-hour distant, by rail. The people are an enterprising, reading, intelligent people, *en rapport* with the world's progress, yet living, many of them, in a kind of dignified repose, as if the storms of life could never reach them. It is a parish of families. Both sexes, of all ages, are represented in about equal numbers. The town is full of churches. There is even another Congregational church on a different side of the public square. There is almost no lawlessness, vice or crime. The church numbers 300 or 400 members, and there is a congregation to correspond. In such a parish Mr. Taylor was then laboring and expecting to labor. But something turned him away, and gave him an aspiration for the great West, the far scene, the wide outlook, the pressing need and the boundless future. The need of him, and the greater possible service, burst the bonds that bound him, and hastened him across the continent, only to die, all unexpectedly, in his brave, young manhood, within a year. It is one of the inscrutable providences of God.

Now that the Egyptian question and the franchise question are at the forefront in Great Britain, and the Irish question has lost its pre-eminence, it is well to remember that, while it may not be free from defects, Gladstone's Irish land act has proved itself a success, as we said it ought, and has not been the futile measure predicted by its foes. Over 70,000 cases have been adjudicated, and \$15,000,000 per annum have been taken off the rent of the poor Irish tenantry. An improved condition of the people is said to appear already, and so the great reform measure, which taxed the Premier and vexed the Parliament so long, seems justified by its results. Indeed, when the trial has been made long enough, it will become popular, and such an agitation as that of the recent years can never be renewed. Already the agitation has subsided and the interest so waxed that the leaders talk of sending more men to stir up Irish-Americans and beg more money to "carry on" with in the old country.

Hutchings, the wretch who strangled Nettie Sims, his mistress, with a soiled silk handkerchief, is to be hanged within sixty days. He has had a trial, has been found guilty, and been sentenced to die. It is only a month since the murder was committed. For once slow-paced Justice has made haste—broken into a run. Though a little flushed, she looks

nobler and fairer than ever before. Let her keep on till all this community learns how swift-footed she can be, with a little effort. This Hutchings is a specimen of his kind; a man without conscience, sensibility, honor or self-respect; a man spoiled and crazed with ingersollism. To him there is no God, no gospel, no future life, no value in this life, nothing to live for but transient self-gratification—"creation's blot, creation's blank." He burned with one passion toward his mistress, but, in his rage, the anger was hotter than the "love," and he took delight in the signs of her ebbing life. Anything so fiendish rarely occurs; for most men are humanized by religious ideas, and have some regard for "what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil." But your Ingersoll man—what to him are right and justice, good and evil, truth and honor, religion and benevolence? Nothing but abstractions, shadows, ashes.

It is reported to us that the new rule of admission to the State University, by which graduates from the high schools are permitted to enter without examination, while graduates from academies and private schools, equally well-taught and specially trained, are subjected to the old forms of examination, and even to new exactions, is not only a piece of arbitrary unfairness and unjust discrimination, but something that is working injury to the private institutions, by inducing young men to leave them and join the high schools, just in time to graduate from them, so as to escape any examination at the University. This tends to deprive the academies of the number of graduates to which they are justly entitled. This will tend, finally, to prejudice all the academies against the University, to turn their influence against it, and to the turning of young men away from it to go to other or Eastern institutions. It is unwise for the University to arouse such antagonisms. Either let it examine all young persons alike, or admit all alike without examinations, on their graduating papers from any respectable secondary school. Any other rule than this will prove an unwisdom, if not an outrage, sure to react disastrously on the University.

For a purpose, we have been reading over again, with some care, the story of the life of John Eliot of Roxbury, the "Apostle to the Indians," and of his labors and those of the Mahews, Leveridge and others, among the aborigines, in the seventeenth century. And the more we read of Eliot and of his work as a missionary, the more we are impressed with the simple grandeur of the man and the genuine sublimity of his nature, to say nothing of his herculean ability to do and dare and achieve. Here was a man, pastor of a good church, who, at the age of forty, having, part of the time, an assistant, undertook the additional work of evangelizing the surrounding aborigines, and gave, thenceforth, his whole soul to that work, with a marked success. The experience of missions in our century has shown that his method, struck out by himself, is the best, viz., oral teaching and preaching of the chief doctrines of religion, to begin with, then improved social conditions, then the arts of industry and the means of self-support, and finally schools of all grades, though, in a sense, the whole process, from first to last, is a schooling and an education. Eliot himself reduced the language to writing, composed a primer, made a grammar and lexicon and finally translated the entire Bible into the Agonkin dialect, out of the original Hebrew and Greek.

Our friend, the Rev. E. Edwin Hall of Connecticut, in his article in the last *New Englander*, does not rate the recently published "Teachings of the Twelve Apostles" very high. He thinks it takes us back only to the third or fourth century (instead of the second), and that it is a compilation from the so-called "Apostolic Canons" and "Constitutions." Indeed, he shows, by abundant quotations from both, how much alike they are. The only question at issue, then, must be as to antecedence—Did the "Teachings of the Twelve Apostles" exist as early as the first half of the second century? This is claimed by eminent authorities, and it is not now in our power to decide the question with absolute certainty. The time may come, in the progress of discovery, when every doubt will be removed. Indeed, in Germany, both Protestant and Roman Catholic scholars place the origin of the "Teachings" earlier than almost any other writing extant. Some place it at the end of the first century; others, before the middle of the second.

In Cicero's tribute to Pompey occurs this passage: "*Labor in negatis, fortitudo in periculis, industria in agendo, celeritas in conficiendo, consilium in providendo.*" This may be freely rendered, Diligence in business, fortitude in perils,

constancy in doing, celerity in accomplishing, wisdom in foreseeing—these were characteristics of him. A military man had no more need of such characteristics than a preaching man, or any other leader of the people, in the midst of life's activities. The great apostle puts the same sort of thing impressively, when he exhorts us to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It is not the man of spurt, dash, flash and brilliant moments who lifts humanity and moves the world. It is hard work, incessant toil, unsparring devotion and persevering endeavor. By day and by night, at home and abroad, in solitude and in society, must the man be busy who is to accomplish anything worth while in our sluggish world. To live thus, how temperate must one be, how self-controlled, how brave in spirit, how joyous in temperament, how rich in love and how grand in obedience to the will of God.

We are not very carnivorous. Too much flesh-meat is not good. It is not well for doctors, deacons, ministers and editors to eat meat largely in summer. It tends to make them fierce, rancorous and "independent"-like. Nor yet are we vegetarians. We care little for edible roots, leaves, grasses or flowers; but we can eat them. We are rather pomological. We love fruits of almost every kind and variety. We prefer to substitute them for ordinary vegetables. What was our surprise, then, in the great fruit region of Southern California, to find almost no fruits on the hotel tables; no sauces, nothing but meats and common vegetables. City tables and private tables we are not speaking of. Nine or ten meals we ate at the country hotels. Sometimes there was no fruit furnished at all. Sometimes it was not worthy of the name when supplied, in limited quantities. When we travel where fine fruits are produced we want to live as the "fruiterers" do.

For a generation of time the name of Dorner of Germany, has been familiar to scholars and theologians. He has been regarded with respect, honor and veneration. No one in America has spoken otherwise than deferentially of him until within a few years, and since some of the "new-departure" men have made prominent some speculations of his concerning a future probation. These are, we must remember, merely speculations of Dorner's, and are no necessary part of his theological system—things to be hoped for rather than believed. Dr. Dorner has recently died. The following paragraph sketches his career:

"Isaac August Dorner, D.D., was born June 20, 1809, at Neuhäusen, Wurtemberg. His father was pastor of a Lutheran congregation there. He was educated at Tübingen, and returning from the university to his native village in 1832, he spent four years as curate to his father and in study. His learning as a theologian was first publicly recognized by his university in 1836, when it gave him the Doctorate. After he had spent two years in travel in the low countries and in Great Britain, studying the condition of the Protestant churches, he was called to the Tübingen chair of theology, whence he went successively to the universities of Kiel, Königsberg, Bonn and Berlin. His principal works are his 'History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ,' 'History of Protestant Theology' and 'System of Christian Theology.'"

The National Bureau of Education has recently published the Report of the Director (Dr. W. W. Goodwin) of the "American School of Classical Studies at Athens" for the year 1882-83. In the report occurs the following paragraph:

"The great fact remains for the classical student that the cultivated Greeks of Athens now have a language in which all their books and all their better newspapers are written, which is used in the official documents of the Government, in the lectures of the university and in the speeches in the Senate, which is taught in all the Greek schools, and which every educated person can speak; and this language differs less from the Greek of Xenophon, as regards the forms of the words, than that differs from the Greek of Herodotus, and less than the English of to-day differs from the English of four or five centuries ago. It may be said with truth that Plato or Demosthenes, were he to return to Athens, could read the daily papers with little difficulty, except so far as he would be puzzled by modern ideas and new forms of thought. He could certainly learn to understand the forms and the constructions by an hour's tuition."

So, then, Greek is no longer a "dead language," but a live one, in a country to which it was indigenous, and in a country increasing in population and wealth. What's in a name? Banish Greek from colleges as a "classic," but introduce it as a "modern" language, and we shall all say, "How rich, how racy, how wonderful!" Excellent pabulum, for even such a "babe" J. Q. Adams made himself at Harvard.

It has been well said "that it is just because the physical universe is not God, and therefore necessarily imperfect, that

it can never be at rest, but must always strive towards the infinite and unapproachable One." Life is movement, and heat is its spring. To be sluggish is to grow cold. To become wholly cold is to die. To be strong is to be well. Joy comes of strength. Strength is only capacity till it energizes. All living energy goes upon edge. The edge is one of peril. To hold a perfect balance on such an edge is conquest. To run the danger is an instinct. The thrill of the peril is the delight of action. The triumph over difficulty and danger is the satisfaction of life. The greater the peril the greater the joy of achievement. To tell us never to run into danger is to tell us not to do anything. To tell us how to run the peril and still to escape its power, that is wisdom for us all.

At the last meeting of the General Association of California the time allowed on the order of exercises for reports of churches was three hours. As there are 102 churches this gave 1 78-102 minutes to each church. From this 1 78-102 minutes should be deducted the time spent in calling the attention of the one who reported to "Please be brief," "Please remember the three-minute rule," "We are crowded for time." The time actually taken up with such attempts to stop reports and the reports themselves were finally all told in about five hours—not quite three minutes to each church. As the time taken for reports from the churches always seems to be trespassing upon time that is wanted for essays and speeches, it may be well to settle this vexed question in this way: Let the ministers meet as one body and attend to the essays, speeches and discussions, and let the delegates meet as another body and attend to the reports of the churches and the common business of the churches. There is enough to be carefully considered of common interest and common welfare to fill two full days and more.

The continual hankering after something new, strange and exciting is not the best condition. It is much better to feel that my home is a good home and the best for me; that my church is the best for me, and if it is not the best I will try and make it the best; that we can unite in the prayers of those we have known well and long, better than with those whose lives we do not know. It is not a form of words that moves us for good so much as it is the person back of the words and the honesty with which they are uttered.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., the able editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, is taking the first vacation he has had for three years. He will travel *incognito*, and will visit many out-of-the-way lands and places, which he will write up for his paper, and as a consequence his readers will get the first knowledge of his whereabouts.

It must be gratifying to every citizen of San Francisco to know that the Board of Supervisors are actually in earnest about erecting water-works in the Park. Many believe that there is an abundant supply there for all the wants of all this city for all time to come. Let us have the Park water-works owned by the city.

If any one wants a sample of the little book "Bible Questions and Answers," please send a postal card to the PACIFIC, and the sample will be sent free. This is a good book for every mother to have from which to instruct her children, and one of the best little books ever used in a Sunday-school.

A letter from Tulare county says: "The harvest is fine in the most of these places, and a very moderate harvest next year will put all these farmers on a satisfactory financial basis. At present, the San Joaquin valley counties are heavily in debt from the failure of the past two years."

THE SECOND CHURCH.—In every place in this State where there is a self-supporting church it is time a move was made to plant the second. Nothing tends more to Christian growth than doing for others. The effort to build up the second will help the old church wonderfully.

As one sees so many in the churches who never show that they have any interest in them or part or lot in the work they are doing, the thought comes up, Would it not be well to put up a sign "No more boarders taken here?"

If any one inquires for the meaneast book ever printed just hand him the last San Francisco Directory. Then let him attempt to find a name among the advertisements, and he will own that you gave him what he called for.

If the work among the Chinese of our State had been carried on as it formerly was by our churches, would not the results be better to all concerned than the results obtained by the American Missionary Association?

We ask attention to the articles from time to time by Prof. Searby on "Worship, and the Training of Laymen to Conduct Worship." His article in the PACIFIC of last week is worthy of consideration.

It is time the question was well considered and settled, "What is the meeting-house for?" Is it a place for worship only? Or is it a place for just about any and every performance?

SOUND DOCTRINE.—Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

We overheard this remark: "In nearly all the schools she has taught, her scholars have been converted."

Acting a Part.

Not a few of our demonstrations in social life are likely enough to come under the imputation at the head of this article. We like to meet the expectation of our friends in responding to and echoing the sentiments which they cherish on any special occasion. Whether we feel what is thus expressed or not, it seems to us discourteous to entertain the enthusiasm of a companion in unimpassioned coldness or frigid silence.

So, when the face we look upon is beaming with joy over some incident it tells us in tones of rapture, though we may be supremely indifferent to the incident itself, we smile and beam and use superlatives of delight as the only fitting reception of such a communication. And when that face comes before us shadowed and tinted with sadness over some ill-tidings, and repeats the tidings to us, that it may not be alone in its grief, we take upon our countenance the same mourning drapery, even though there may not be one pang of sorrow at our heart. When an intense interest is expressed by one at our side in some person or thing under comment, and not one sensibility of our soul is stirred toward the object, still not to chill the warmth of a comrade's feeling, or answer his reliance upon us for an answering intensity, we lift hands and eyes and voice in attestation of our excitement.

So we are ready with exclamations of surprise, though our spirit is cool and languid, when something is told us over which we are expected to wonder; and our indignation breaks forth in strenuous word and gesture when it is only lip-deep, and pity melts in gentle sighs or flowing tears because others weep, though our compassion has had no waking, and all the changes of enkindled emotion in house and hall are given back in full pulses, though the inward life maintain an unbroken calm.

It is the passing of counterfeit coin. It is the misrepresentation of our genuine state of mind. It is conscious disloyalty to the sacredness of truth. It is a training in hypocrisy and deceit.

Let us watch against it! Let us discard the habit! Let us feel as we ought under whatever appeal, and then we can appropriately act out the emotion. Let look and tone and gesture with us mean what they seem, or be dumb and vacant, and our sincerity will come to be appreciated and relied upon. Let courtesy and reality go together with us, hand in hand, in all our social fellowship, and we be true all through the outward and inward of our life and being! Those who beam upon us will soon learn that they are resting upon solid strength.

A. L. S.

From Lugonia.

BUGONIA, CAL., August 2, 1884.

EDITORS PACIFIC: It appears from the last PACIFIC that one of your number has recently been in these parts. He found churches in the town of San Bernardino, at Riverside and in Colton; but no one would imagine from anything he said that there was such a thing in Lugonia. If I remember rightly, your correspondent sometimes speaks with his eyes closed. It is possible that he sometimes rides in the same condition. Otherwise he must have seen, about half a mile to the West of Dr. Stillman's, on the same pleasant "ridge," and with very much the same beautiful prospect, a neat church edifice, with a fine-toned Blymyer bell. The church is far more "comely outwardly" than that at Colton, and I think quite as "pleasant within." We feel sure it compares favorably with every one of the San Bernardino churches; and while at Riverside they have two larger and more expensive church buildings, they have not one that we think more comely than ours. And could your correspondent have come into one of the three weekly prayer-meetings which have been regularly sustained much of the time for the past year or two, he would frequently have found a larger attendance in either of them than that reported at Colton, and never, I think, the prayers all offered by the leader. Come again, Mr. Editor, and keep your eyes open, and if possible, just call at the door at least of the pastor's residence.

Your readers may understand that Lugonia adjoins, or is surrounded by, Crafton, Redlands, Old San Bernardino, Brookside and Highlands. Of these the last named has now a separate church organization. The other settlements are all interested in the Second Congregational Church of San Bernardino, whose house of worship is the one of which we have spoken.

One of the most important of the enterprises now in progress in this region is the construction of an immense reservoir in Bear Valley. The reservoir will drain a basin of source fifty square miles, ten in length, by an average of about five in width. A large force of laborers is engaged in its construction under competent engineers. When completed, it is estimated that the water supply of this region will be about doubled.

Mr. E. D. Hale of Hopkins Academy recently made the ascent of Mt. San Bernardino, some eleven thousand feet in height, overlooking this valley. He found the snow in many places from six to ten feet deep, and though discouraged by resident mountaineers from attempting the ascent in such circumstances, he succeeded admirably, and felt amply repaid by the magnificent view which he thus gained. Yours ever, J. G. H.

A large part of the attention of the world is directed to a few—now, Blaine, Cleveland, Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Beecher and a few others. It is well to remember that position is not happiness, and that those who get the most out of life, it may be, are not known beyond their own vicinity. Those who enjoy their own homes and peace with God in their own have an enjoyment that place and power do not buy.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

The Great West.

[Extracts from Dr. J. W. Hough's address in Saratoga, June, 1884.]

MR. PRESIDENT: I have been asked to call your attention, in a very few words, to the fact that Secretary Clark, in his admirable paper, places his largest emphasis on "the West, the Northwest, the New West, the Far West." It is there that the great emergency lies. It is there that the falling die of these closing years of the century is placing its imprint. Some one has said that this land of ours is "bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Day of Judgment." It is true. Those Western empires will be the judgment-seat of this nation; unless we save them by the gospel, they will swamp us with their "isms." We are told how population is pouring into Dakota, and what a magnificent Territory it is. Why, there is land enough in Dakota to place a giraffe six miles wide around the globe! Stand there at Bismarck, and face southward, and look upon the series of empires which form the eastern edge, the mere fringe upon the boarder of the great West—Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas—a belt of States stretching through the very heart of the continent from the British border to the Gulf. Land enough in Dakota to girdle the globe! More land in Nebraska and Kansas than in Dakota! More in the Indian Territory and Texas than in the other three! Land, too, capable of sustaining an immense population. Know you anywhere better wheat land than Dakota; better corn land than Nebraska and Kansas; better grazing and cotton land than the Indian Territory and Texas? When this belt of States shall be settled—I will not say as thickly as Massachusetts, or even as this Empire State, but only as thickly as Ohio is settled now—there will be more people within these five empires than there are men, women and children in this country of ours to-day. And they are coming. Texas doubled her population within a recent period. Kansas trebled hers. Nebraska quadrupled hers. Dakota multiplied hers enfold. If there were no other missionary work pressing upon us, if there were no foreign work, if there were no new South, nor old South, no Home Missionary work in this great East, from Maine to Michigan, and from Michigan to Minnesota; were there no West beyond this West, and we had simply that tier of States, from Dakota to the Gulf, it would tax the Christian energy and fidelity of this nation for the next fifteen years to give to those States educational facilities and Christian influences in a ratio adequate to their need.

And what is there beyond? Go to the Pacific Coast. Climb up the hill back of Seattle and look down upon that Mediterranean of the Northwest, Puget Sound, and see how the towns are multiplying themselves along that forest-girdled shore, which sweeps a circuit of 3,800 miles. Go up the valley of the Columbia, which drains a territory of 350,000 square miles, and look into the Grand Bend and the Walla Walla country. Go and stand on the steps of Dr. Marvin's church, at Portland, Or., and look up the Willamette Valley, in which you can roll the State of Connecticut over three times! Climb the Tehachapi Pass in Southern California and look up the great valley which stretches 500 miles between the Coast Range and the Sierra, then turn upon your heel and look down upon the winterless paradise of Southern California, where orange groves and vineyards invite the immigrant, and mark how you hear the tread of the coming millions that are advancing to possess the empire of the Pacific Coast. And between that Eastern belt of empires and this Pacific Coast lies the great intramural basin, "the ultimate frontier," as Joseph Cook says, where already we are face to face with Jesuitism, where already we are in the thick of the struggle with Mormonism, where we are yet to fight the battle with frontier barbarism. I spent a Sunday, last August, in Northwestern Montana. I wish it were possible for me to picture the scenes which I witnessed, the streets through which I passed in my search for the hall in which was held a Home Missionary service. Every other building was a saloon, and the alternate ones gambling-houses. The streets were full of people of all classes—ranchmen, herders, Indians, half-breeds, squaws, Chinamen, faro-dealers, desperadoes with pistols in their belts. I actually saw more men lying drunk in the streets, as that Sabbath-day drew to its close, than there were men and women in the hall in which the missionary service was held. It is in such places as this that the forces of Satan are coming together; it is here that the incongruous materials of the Old World are making their lodgment and their strongholds. It is here that we are to meet the conflict; with these forces the great struggle is to be waged. Out of these materials society is to be shaped. Among them the battle of temperance is to be fought. Of them schools are to be born. Out of them is to be wrought that omnipotent force of American life, public opinion. From these the future nation is to be shaped. And, my brethren, there is just one power adequate to this work. The only force that can meet and master and mold these elements, that can harmonize and Americanize them, is the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Bishop Fowler, the recently arrived Bishop of the Methodist Church, will lecture this coming evening at the Central M. E. Church on Mission street, near 6th, on "Great Deeds of Great Men."

Good reports are coming from the church. Rev. O. vited to supply His theme last: "The Rebuilding."

Rev. George M. with the Haywood the Monthly Union of the Congregational churches was held attendance.

A correspondence welcome news: "Sheep Ranch just people had just new church. See for the occasion."

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Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The last monthly meeting of the Monday Club was quite interesting. The theme, "The Liberty of the Churches as Related to the Fellowship of the Churches," was introduced by Rev. W. C. Pond, and gave rise to a profitable conversation. The subject at the next meeting will be "Crime, Criminals, Punishment, Prevention." Rev. Joseph Rowell will open it.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ministerial Union was held in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. in this city last Monday. Rev. Dr. M. M. Gibson reported that it had been determined to organize a society for the suppression of vice, similar to that existing in New York. Rev. Dr. Briggs reported regarding the effort to stop the liquor traffic, and Rev. Dr. Stratton introduced the subject for discussion, "Sunday Observance." Dr. Briggs moved that the subject be continued at the next meeting. This was agreed to, and Dr. Briggs was appointed to open.

Dr. Barrows of the First church, in this city, lectured last Sabbath evening on "The Press and Literature."

Plymouth church had a specially large congregation last Sabbath morning. Rev. T. K. Noble discoursed on "The Biblical Doctrine of the Lord's Supper." Eleven new members—eight on profession and three by letter—were received. At night the pastor, by request, commenced a course of lectures on "Womanhood and its Mission."

At Bethany church there were ten admissions to membership—six on profession and four by letter. Rev. W. C. Pond preached on "David and Mephibosheth as Illustrating the Kindness of God."

Rev. Herbert Macy of Green-street church preached Sabbath night on "The Bible, the Popular Book."

Rev. Joseph Rowell preached at the Mariners' church on "Joy in God, a Fruit of Justification by Faith" and "Feed My Sheep."

Excellent reports are given of the good work going on in connection with Eureka Valley church in this city. The Sabbath-school averages 100 in attendance. Fourteen persons were received into church-membership last Sunday.

There were eighteen additions to the First church in Oakland, last Sabbath. Twelve were on confession of faith and six by letter. Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., preached on "The Indwelling of Christ in Believers' Souls." At night the topic was "David's Sin and its Consequences."

Dr. Holbrook filled the pulpit at Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, Sabbath morning.

Rev. Professor Benton officiated at Berkeley. The pastor, Rev. C. A. Savage, is expected back this week.

Rev. I. T. Tobey discoursed Sabbath morning at Park church, Berkeley, on "Spiritual Truths Revealed to Christians."

Good reports are given of the Alameda church. Rev. O. G. May has been invited to supply it for twelve months. His theme last Sabbath morning was "The Rebuilding of Jerusalem."

Rev. George Morris spent last Sabbath with the Haywards church. At night the Monthly Union Temperance Meeting of the Congregational and Methodist churches was held. There was a good attendance.

A correspondent gives the following welcome news: "We had a grand day at Sheep Ranch yesterday, the 27th. The people had just got possession of their new church. Seats were extemporized for the occasion. The house was filled. Four new members were received, on confession, to the fellowship of the church, and one was baptized. Reuben Stinnet was elected Deacon. The church is all paid for by the self-denying efforts of the people. They need a small bell to echo among the mountains. Who will give it? The building was formerly the Arcade Saloon. We have named it the Arcadian church."

Rev. R. A. Sink has accepted the call to be acting pastor of the Grass Valley church. We are glad that this important field is to be so well supplied without delay. We understand the church is very unanimous in its call.

The young ladies of Rocklin at a festival, July 22d and 23d, realized \$65 for church purposes, the house was crowded and the whole passed off pleasantly.

Bro. Taylor of Rocklin is going to Washington Territory on a vacation of four weeks.

Rev. Thomas B. Stewart was installed Pastor of the Second United Presbyterian church in this city, last Monday evening.

The following appreciative resolutions have been passed by the Redwood church. At a meeting of the members of the First Congregational church of Redwood City, held July 25, 1884, the resignation of the Rev. R. H. Sink, acting pastor of the church, was tendered, and after due consideration, accepted, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Rev. R. H. Sink, pastor of our church, has severed his connection with us, we, the members, hereby express our regret at parting, and our appreciation of our pastor and friend; therefore, be it

Resolved, That by his resignation our church has lost a pastor of undoubted Christian character, faithful, pains-taking, conscientious and self-sacrificing.

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Sink for her assistance in the different departments of the church and for her readiness at all times to work for the advancement of the church.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be presented to Mr. Sink, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the church, and sent to the Pacific for publication.

Mrs. L. Pollock, }
I. Pollock, } Com.
Mrs. J. J. Cloud, }
Mary Stewart.

ASTORIA, Or., July 31, 1884.—The number of additions to the First Congregational church of this city last year was eighteen—not fifteen, as reported in your issue of the 23d inst. The church is now contemplating building rooms for social work—a much needed convenience.

Yours, S. Wood.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.—Rev. Richard H. Steele, D.D., of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is spending two months in this State, and preached recently for the Berkeley church.—Rev. Dr. Vance who has supplied the First church, San Jose, for three months, has returned to his home, Carlisle, Pa.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. W. Henry of Michigan is expected shortly in Santa Barbara.—The Los Angeles church have voted their pastor a six weeks' vacation, and raised his salary to \$300.—The First church of Los Gatos was recently "recognized" by Council.—Churches in Sacramento and Gonzales have been dedicated.

METHODIST.—Pastors Dille, Needham and Dodge have returned from Yosemite, and are delighted with the trip. Bishop Wiley has sailed for Japan and China.—Bishop Fowler has arrived here.—The Haywards church and parsonage are now free from debt.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The work progresses encouragingly in Arbutle. Funds are being raised for various improvements.—The work in Woodland prospers. A recent revival has refreshed the church there.

EPISCOPAL.—The Bishop of California has lately made official visits to Fresno, Merced, Modesto, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo.—Rev. G. C. Whyte of this city is going to Japan.—Rev. Dr. Beers has been spending a few weeks at Monterey.

EASTERN.

Plymouth church, Utica, N. Y., is about building a new chapel. This young church is famous for its congregational singing. No provision is made for a choir in the plans for the new chapel.

Our Monday Ministers' Club

Is usually well attended, although we often regret the occasional absence of some who add greatly to the profitability of the meetings. We are also sorry when our brethren from the interior of the State, or from the East, happen to be in this city and do not put in an appearance with us. The following, from the Chicago Advance, is as applicable here as in the lake city:

"Few realize the importance of the Ministers' Meetings, which, for ten months in the year, are held every Monday morning at the Grand Pacific. The average attendance is not far from fifty. That minister who, through ill-health or of set purpose, neglects to attend these meetings, cuts himself off from a source of influence not far inferior to that of his pulpit. He loses the sympathy of his brethren; he withdraws himself from the circle of thought and benevolent action of which they are the center. Here every step forward in our city and State work, every proposed change in the management of our great benevolent organizations, the wants of the New West, of the educational interests of the Old West, have been carefully considered. This meeting is a rallying point for everything aggressive or expansive in connection with our churches. Does a feeble church need help in securing a house of worship? The ministers are appealed to, through them the congregations are reached, and soon the needed funds are furnished. Do the Christian women of the city or the country desire to create sentiment in favor of their efforts for the temperate, for the Indians, for fallen women? Straightway they appeal to the ministers gathered for conference Monday morning, and their appeals are never in vain. Nor is the time of the meeting wholly occupied with the consideration of practical matters. Graver questions in philosophy, theology, Biblical criticism, have been considered in papers prepared by those most competent to discuss them. The New Creed, the works of Professor Harris of New Haven, as well as other distinguished men on both sides of the water, have come under review. Here, too, we have received the greetings of brethren from the East and from Great Britain, and as we have listened to their words have had our sympathies broadened and our sense of personal responsibility in the work intrusted to us here quickened and deepened. Some of us have been present at these gatherings for many years. We know their value. We are sorry when any of our brethren, who have it in their power to be with us, fail to be with us. We are sorry when we hear of ministerial brethren from a distance visiting the city and not visiting us. Perhaps they do not know how welcome they would be, or the interest they would have in our special field of work, were they to make attendance upon this gathering of ministers one of the main objects of their coming to the city. It is because of the need of a Congregational house as a center for all our Congregational forces that we advocate its speedy erection."

We hope our Brother Beckwith will continue, as he has promised, to urge, on every appropriate occasion, the importance of such a "Congregational house" in this city.

Of the 3,160 students in Leipzig University this summer term, 704 are in the theological department.

Our Pledge.

We come to-night, a temperance band,
For work.
We pledge our hearts, we pledge our hands,
Nor shrink
The earnest issues of the time,
But strive to do away with crime
Within our homes and in our native land.

We'll try to make our country free
From drink.
Ah! what a blessing that will be!
We think;
For banish drink, with all its woe,
And growing happiness we'll know
In home, sweet home, and in our native land.

So now we ask of you, dear friends,
To-night,
Your personal influence to lend,
And write
Your names beneath our temperance pledge,
And that may prove an entering wedge
For God, for home and for our native land.

Then forth to vote, with purpose strong,
We go;
For those who'll fight this mighty wrong,
And show
Our trusted leaders hence must be
From every taint of liquor free,
Stand pledged for God and for our native land.
S. E. A. H.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Our Institutions.

Vacation days are now fully over, and the workers in all departments of Christian activity have returned to their posts, invigorated and refreshed, it is hoped, and enabled to take hold of their work with renewed energy. It is in one sense the beginning of a new year. Our schools enter upon the "New Year" with increased facilities for usefulness and success. Hopkins Academy has been entirely renovated and the grounds beautified, and each department in this, our favorite school of the Pacific, has received especial attention with regard to more complete efficiency. The munificent gift of Mr. Moses Hopkins, by which it received its name, has placed this institution on a firm footing and enabled its trustees to remove debts hanging about it, and to make some needed improvements. But success begets success, and demands more and more outlay each year in this our progressive age. It should be said, however, that this gift of Mr. Hopkins is divided between the Theological Seminary and Academy, which are on the same grounds, and was obtained through the personal influence of the professors of the Seminary. Still more is needed to place these institutions on a more enlarged sphere of usefulness. Rev. H. E. Jewett, the Principal of "Hopkins," is now well-known as an educator and for his personal influence over the pupils under his charge. Kind, yet firm in discipline, watching with untiring patience over his pupils, both of their health and moral and intellectual improvement, parents may feel secure in placing their boys under his care; and with those whose boys have been in this school the kind and faithful matron, Mrs. Silvester, needs no praise.

Most beautiful for situation are these our institutions of learning on the elevated site which overlooks the matchless beauty of our sparkling bay, with its ever-changing views, while beyond is the far-famed Golden Gate, flanked by the crowded city on the left; in front, across the waters, Mt. Tamalpais, now hidden by the fog and now disclosing its full beauty; on the right, hill and verdant plain, dotted by many a pleasant home; beyond, the Berkeleyan hills, with their varied tints. And so, as oft as we view this scene, we ask what more favorable spot could be found to cultivate the finer feelings of our nature. In these same grounds is the modest but commodious building of the Theological Seminary. It enters upon its new year September 2d; and, in addition to the former able professors the services of Dr. Dwinell have been secured, thus making a corps of instructors unequalled in ripe scholarship and earnest Christian spirit by any seminary at the East.

Prof. Benton has been unwearied in his devotion to this object of his love, and during its dark and struggling days "held on" with a faith and persistence that knew no discouragement. In the recitation rooms or in the minor details of neatness and order in the buildings and grounds, or in attention to the personal wants of the students, he has been equally indefatigable. Prof. Moar has his department also, in addition to the care of the church over which he is pastor, where the students may have the benefit of his richly stored mind and consecrated heart. He is now on his return from the East. And now, another professorship has been endowed, to be filled by Dr. Dwinell, who needs no introduction to the people of this State for his scholarly attainments and large experience, now enriched by travels in the Holy Land and among the missionary stations of the East. The results of his mature and thoughtful observations have been given in his valuable notes of travel in the Pacific.

Will not the pastors and laymen of our churches who have the cause of Christian education at heart do what is in their power to foster the interests of these our schools, which were planted in faith and love, and with no little self-sacrifice, and will they not make the people of their charge acquainted with them and their advantages for a complete Christian education, and in every way possible show their loyalty to these our institutions which have been so patiently watched over and cared for by the good men who stand at their head? The love of the students who have graduated from this Seminary and this school is enthusiastic and undying. From the heart of Africa, where one richly-fitted for the Master's work went but to die, from Mexico, where another found a martyr's grave, from distant frontier towns, from fields of labor well tilled for the Master, have come the same words of love and tender remembrance for the honored professors and the dear associations that cluster around this place.

Com.

To the Sabbath School Workers of California

DEAR FRIENDS: We have just held our Seventeenth Annual State Sabbath-School Convention. It was good to be there! While other conventions have been equally large and enthusiastic, none has ever shown such real advance in practical Sabbath-School work throughout the State.

The great International Convention has just closed its session in Louisville, Ky., and left a profound impression for good, not only on the hearts of the delegates, but upon the city in which it was held; and its influence will extend throughout Christendom, for the International Committee appointed there will select Bible lessons to be studied in the four quarters of the earth.

The work of teaching stands side by side with the work of preaching, in the most honorable places of the modern Church. The value of the Bible, and the value of childhood, are understood now as never before in history. Never were so many Bibles printed and studied as to-day. The whole Bible can be had for thirty cents, and the New Testament for five cents. The New Testament entire has been telegraphed across the country, and printed in a single issue of a daily newspaper. The greatest meetings of this century, in the largest cities of Great Britain and America, have been gathered to hear the simple story of the Gospel. No such hearing would be granted to infidel lecturers. But the world begins to realize the truth of the Bible, and the glory of Jesus Christ. So the value of childhood is being more and more understood. The future history of the world depends upon the present. We were all children once. The boys and girls in Sabbath School to-day will rule the nation in twenty years. How will they rule it? That depends upon how they are trained, and you and I are set for their training.

Sabbath School workers of California, let these thoughts breathe inspiration in your hearts. We are still laying foundations in California. What shall be the future of our beloved State? You have in your power the solution of that question. Do you work well, that coming generations may rise up and call you blessed. I beg to call your attention to four matters of interest:

1. County organization. This is the special work now before us. Nearly or quite thirty counties are organized for Sabbath School work, and our hope is to have every one in line before the end of the year. Is your county organized, or unorganized? If the former, do what you can to make it a banner county, and start a movement in some neighboring county yet unorganized. If the latter, then talk with all the Sabbath School workers you know; call a meeting, and establish a connecting link between the schools of your county. It can be done, and will bring you a blessing. Do it this summer.

2. The next State Convention will be held at Woodland. Prepare for it all the year. See that a good report goes up from your section. You cannot be too earnest. This is Jehovah's work.

3. The proceedings of the Oakland State Sabbath School Convention are now being published. We want them circulated in every school in the State. How many copies will your school take at ten cents a copy? Send order to W. F. Gibson, 916 Washington Street, San Francisco. The proceedings will make a pamphlet of about fifty pages, giving addresses in full. Send money with order, if possible; but if not, send order now, and money on receipt of the pamphlets. They will be easily paid for by individual subscriptions, and Sabbath School workers will be greatly helped by reading them.

4. The Sabbath School Reporter will be sent to you, free, in October, January, and April, and the undersigned would respectfully solicit items of news for the paper.

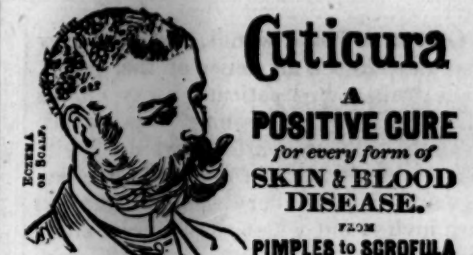
And now, brothers and sisters, let us go into the year's work bravely, and God will go with us and give us his heavenly blessing.

"Wherefore also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfill all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ." (II Thess. i: 11, 12.)

Your brother in the Lord,
HENRY H. RICE,
President California State Sabbath-School Association. Sacramento, July 10, 1884.



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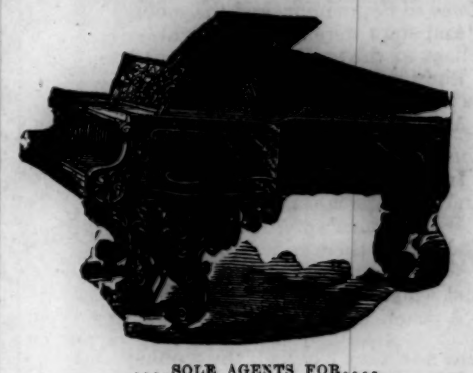
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Children's Corner.

Sad, But Just.

A monkey and a porcupine
Went out to walk one night—
'Twas in September, and the moon
And stars were shining bright—
When, in the garden near the road
They espied a splendid tree,
As full of peaches, round and red,
As ever it could be.

The topmost branch that monkey reached
In one astounding bound,
And soon the ripest peaches there
Were strewn upon the ground;
And 'mong them rolled the porcupine
With porcine skill,
And when he left that spot he bore
A peach upon each quill.

And how they laughed, the monkey and
His very sharp young chum,
When, safe at home, they ate them all,
But soon they looked quite glum;
And ere the night had passed they vowed
They'd never steal again;
For "Oh!" they groaned, and "Oh!" they
moaned,
"We've got a peachy pain."

—Harper's Young People.

Flossy's Success.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

[The conclusion of this story, which we now give, should have appeared in our issue of three weeks ago, but was inadvertently overlooked.]

The next day at recess, while Professor Arnold was putting some work on the blackboard, he was startled by a timid voice at his side.

"Professor Arnold,"

"Well, Miss Flossy," he said, turning quickly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Please, Professor Arnold, will you excuse me from taking part in the prize essay contest?"

"Excuse you!" he answered, in a tone of mingled interrogation and exclamation, "why, Miss Flossy, you are the last person I should ever have thought of as wanting to shirk a piece of work. Why do you want to be excused?"

"I cannot tell you; really and truly, Professor Arnold, it is a good reason. Please do not think that I am shirking."

The poor man looked sorely puzzled. He was disappointed, too, for Flossy was one of his favorite pupils, being always so ladylike, very studious and naturally bright, with a particular talent for writing essays.

"You would be almost sure to get the prize, Miss Flossy."

Poor Flossy's lip quivered, and she dared not trust her voice to reply. A moment's silence, and then Professor Arnold spoke again.

"There is nothing compulsory about the contest. As I said in the first place, no one is obliged to engage in it. Only, I confess, if you back out, I shall be very much disappointed."

Then he turned back to his work on the board, and Flossy, after a moment's hesitation, left him.

That Professor Arnold, whose opinion she so highly valued, should misunderstand her, and accuse her of "backing out," was one of the hardest things she would have to bear with in this new contest which she had entered. She followed her mother into the pantry that afternoon, after school, to ask:

"Mother, may I have a party next week—not a big affair, but just ten or a dozen couples invited to spend a pleasant, social evening?"

"I am sure I have no objection," her mother answered, "only I shouldn't think you could spare the time from your essay."

"I have given up writing that," Flossy answered, in a low tone.

"Given it up?"

"Oh, mother, don't you misunderstand me. I did it for the sake of—because—here Flossy stopped short.

"Never mind, Flossy. You need not tell me if you would rather not."

But I think she divined the reason. Mothers sometimes do. At any rate she added, simply: "I think I understand, my little girl."

That was all; but just those few words helped Flossy wonderfully.

An untimely call prevented her speaking to her brothers until just as they were going out. She called after them:

"Oh, Frank! Hal! wait a minute. Were you going out for the evening?"

"Yes, Why?" Frank answered, shortly, fearing a lecture from his sister.

"Why, I am going to get up a party for a week from to-night, and I wanted you to help me. I don't like to work it alone."

"Oh, we'll stay home and help," Frank answered, condescendingly, though secretly elated at the prospect of a party, and greatly relieved at his escape from a lecture.

Hal was only too glad for an excuse to stay at home. Once seated around a table with something to do, and talk about, it was no hard matter to be sociable. And Flossy was wisely careful to have as little done as possible, that she might have something left for another evening.

There was the list of names to make out, the invitations to write, music, pictures and games to be discussed, that there might be entertainment to suit all tastes. And then the refreshments! Flossy even let the boys help plan them! So, by using her wits, tact and common-sense—a blessed trio—she kept them at home all through the week before the party.

The evening after she dreaded, fearing a relapse. But she was ready for them.

"Hal, here is a piece of new music, for piano and violin, which I have been practicing to-day. If you will learn the violin part we will play it together after a while."

Then, turning to Frank, she said, coaxingly:

"Frank, I bought a set of chess, but I can't do anything with it alone; will you take pity on me and see if we can study it out together?"

Of course Frank would, and soon they were deep in the mysteries of the game, while Hal scraped patiently away on his "fiddle." So that evening was saved.

Then, quite often Flossy would invite two or three friends in to spend an evening, and she and her brothers were in turn invited out where they might enjoy themselves in a pleasant, harmless way, and come home at a reasonable hour. But to have something ready for every evening, to keep them without suspecting that they were being kept, taxed her ingenuity and strength to the utmost. But the Everlasting Arms upheld her.

One evening she was busy in the kitchen. Hal, in the sitting-room, was looking at a magazine, and Frank was restlessly scanning a newspaper. At length, he threw it down and said:

"Hal, let's go down to Wilson's for a little while."

"Oh, no, Frank, don't go; it is a great deal more pleasant here with Flossy."

"Flossy isn't here now."

"But she may be soon."

"Oh, well, it's very pleasant and all right to stay at home some evenings, and I'll admit Flossy has been in a very sociable mood lately; but a fellow can't be shut up all the time."

"Oh, Frank, as if we were shut up at all!"

"Hal, you needn't go if you don't want to! I shall, however; so there is no use talking any more about it."

And Frank went out mourned, but not followed, by Hal.

During the evening, Hal, happening to think of Flossy's essay, asked her how it was getting along.

"Oh," Flossy answered, with affected indifference, "I gave up writing that some time ago."

"You did!" Hal exclaimed. "Why?"

"Oh, because there were other things of more importance to do," Flossy answered, uneasily.

"Parties, music and chess, for instance?" Hal asked, looking at her sharply.

"Why, yes," said Flossy, trying to laugh lightly. "Are they not of more importance than a stupid essay?"

Hal made no reply, and Flossy hastened to change the subject.

When Frank came home Hal was alone in the sitting-room. Frank was unusually quiet. To tell the truth, he had not enjoyed the evening. Hal at last broke the silence.

"Frank, Flossy has given up writing her essay."

Frank looked his astonishment.

"Yes," Hal added, eagerly, "and I suspect she did it for our sakes."

"For our sakes?" echoed Frank.

"Yes, so she could make the evenings pleasant for us at home, and keep us away from Wilson's."

"Did she tell you so?" with almost a sneer.

"No, indeed! she didn't like to talk of it at all. She changed the subject as soon as she could. But I feel sure of it."

Another silence, which Frank at last broke by saying:

"Well, she needn't ever do that again for me. Don't go into hysterics, Hal, but I've spent my last evening at Wilson's—or any other place like it."

A few weeks later the term closed, and Flossy, with a little pang, saw the prize given to a schoolmate.

When she came home she found in her snuggery a little package with a card attached, having on it:

"Dear Flossy: Please accept, with the love and best wishes of

FRANK AND HAL.

Inside was a beautiful little gold pen. And as it lay there, shining, on its soft bed of pink cotton, it told, in a silent way, a story of love, yea, of the love which is of God."—*Cora Van Nostrand in Christian at Work.*

A Good Illustration.

A clergyman once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead; they listened, but evidently did not understand. Taking out his watch he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"Because we see it, and hear it tick."

"Very good."

"He then took off the case, and held it in one hand and the watch in the other."

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches. Now I lay the case aside—put it away down here in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch ticking."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick; go and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat, just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off, and buried in the ground, and the soul will live just as well as this watch will go when the case is taken off."

"Well, my child, said a father to his little daughter, after she had been to church, 'what do you remember of all the preacher said?' 'Nothing,' was the timid reply. 'Nothing!' he exclaimed in a severe tone. 'Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says, or you will have to be punished. Next Sunday the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement. 'I remember something to-day, papa,' she said, eagerly. 'I am very glad of it,' said her father. 'What did he say?' 'He said, 'A collection will now be made.'"

"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young woman to play on the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow."

"Why, what followed?" asked a half-dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man.

Dime Novels.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Willard and Fred Warren had been reading "dime novels" for some time "upon the sly," as they expressed it. Just how they began in such an evil practice I do not know, but undoubtedly in the same way that many other boys begin to do wrong. Their Christian parents never dreamed for a long time that the boys were doing this and thus trying to deceive them. They were careful to provide their children with suitable reading, and many bright, beautiful books were presented to them, but the boys' taste for reading had been corrupted and they did not care for the fine presents in the form of books. The "dime novels" with their false and unholy teachings were leading the boys far away from the path of right and obedience. The blinded boys were injuring themselves far more than they supposed.

Willard and Fred could not always read such books "upon the sly," and at last it was revealed to the parents just what the boys had been doing. They were greatly surprised and deeply grieved, and they entreated the boys to cast such books aside and never look upon them again. Fred, the youngest boy, was moved at the grief of his parents and promised to heed their advice, but Willard, who was nearly four years older, thought that he was able to judge for himself what kind of books to read, and so he made no promise. Fred regained the confidence of his parents, but Willard only grew more disobedient. He would not remain at home the long winter evenings because he was not allowed to read his vile books in the family circle. Soon he left home for good, and became very reckless and wayward. The parents were almost heart-broken, and could only weep and pray. At last he went away, and no one knew just where he had gone. News came after while that he was in a Western jail, but no one knew whether it was true or not.

Two years passed away, and the parents received a letter from him just before he died in want and degradation. He confessed his folly, and acknowledged that he was led to his life of shame by reading "dime novels." He asked to be forgiven, and expressed a hope that God had also forgiven him. Another letter followed this from another, saying that Willard was dead and buried far away from his friends and kindred. This is only one of the thousands that are led yearly to ruin by reading "dime novels."—*Selected.*

How He Became an Abstemious.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the railroad car, and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something's up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married. As you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years now a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly, he unwrapped it, and gave it to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby-shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice."

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker. "Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manners of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My—my wife bought 'em for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker. "No, a—she went, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase and cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared; and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself.—*Exchange.*

The New Year's Night of an Unhappy Man.

An old man stood in the New Year's night at the open window, and gazed with a look of restless despair upon the immutable, ever-blooming heaven, and out over the still, pure, white earth, whereupon there was no one so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave stood near to him. It was covered only with the snow of age, not with the green of youth; and he brought with him thither out of his whole rich life nothing but errors and sins and sickness—a ruined body, a desolated soul, a breast full of poison, an old age full of remorse. The fair days of his youth wandered about him now like ghosts, and they bore him

back again to that clear morning when his father placed him at the cross-road of life, the right hand leading by the sunny ways of virtue into a wide, peaceful land, full of light and of harvest; the left, down into the moleways of vice toward a black cavern, full of down-dropping poison, full of darting serpents and dark, sultry damps. Ah! the serpents hung about his breast, and the poison drops upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was.

Knowing not what he did, and with unspeakable grief, he cried out to heaven. "Give me my youth once more! O father, place me once more upon the cross-road, that I may choose otherwise!"

But his father and his youth were long gone. He saw wandering lights dancing on the marshes and dying out upon God's Acre, and he said, "These are my sinful days!" He saw a star fly out from heaven, to glimmer in its fall, and to be extinguished on the earth. "That is I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpents of remorse gnawed again into his wounds.

His burning fancy showed him creeping night-wanderers upon the roofs, and the windmill threw up its arms, threatening to crush him, and a mask left behind in the dead-house assumed by degrees his own features. Suddenly, in the midst of this tumult, music for the New Year floated down from the tower, like distant church-song. He was deeply moved. He looked around the horizon and over the wide earth, and thought of his youthful friends, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers for the world, fathers of happy children, and favored men, and he said, "Oh, I also could be happy, dear parents, had I fulfilled your New Year's wishes and instructions."

In the feverish memories of his youth, it seemed to him that the mask with his features raised itself up in the dead-house; finally, through the superstition which discerns spirits and the future on New Year's night, it became a living youth, in the position of the beautiful boy of the Capitol pulling out a thorn, and his formerly blooming face danced weird and bitter before him.

He could look no more; he covered his eyes; hot tears streamed down upon the snow; again he softly sighed, hopeless and unconscious, "Come again, O youth, come again!"

And it came again; for on that New Year's night he had only dreamed thus fearfully. He was still a youth; yet his errors had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, still young, might turn aside from the foul ways of vice, and could follow the sunny path which leads to the fair land of harvests. Turn aside with him, O youth, if thou standest upon his wandering way. This frightful dream will in future be thy judge; but if thou shouldst one day call out, full of grief, "Come again, O beautiful youth!" so shall it never return again.—*Richter.*

Too Much French.

The author of "Don't" very properly warns his readers not to interlard their English with shreds of French. Instead of making their speech genteel they make it vulgar. The habit is as enfeebling as the habit of punning, and the one is quite as fairly to be considered a violation of the sanctities of the mother tongue as the other. Either habit indicates a certain flabbiness of fiber, both moral and intellectual. It is difficult to believe either in the moral rectitude or in the mental strength of a man or a woman addicted to the quoting of odd scraps of odd French. When we take up the latest work of a young lady novelist and find scattered through her pages *soubriquet* and *double entendre* and *l'outrance* and *artifice*, and other choice specimens of the French which is used by those who do not speak French, we need read no further to know that the mantle of George Eliot and Jane Austen has not fallen on the fair authoress' shoulders.

Of course it cannot be denied that certain French words have fairly won a right of domicile in our language. *Envoi*, for example, and *pique*—these have no exact English equivalents, and their removal from common speech would leave an aching void. But why should a ballet dancer be called a *danseuse*? And why should a singer be forced to sing a *chansonnette* when she might just as well have sung a little song? What evil spirit possesses Mrs. Tompkins the milliner and Miss Simkins the dressmaker to emblazon their golden signs with the mystic "Madame Tompkins, Modes," and "Mlle. Simkins, Robes?"

Encore, although used in English in a sense wholly different from that which it has in French, is now acclimated beyond uprooting, and so is a hybrid word—*parquette*—used in American theaters to indicate orchestra chairs, just as there is also used in America, to indicate a railway terminus, the word *depot*, with a hybrid pronunciation, as though it were written "dee-po." Probably the only French word of all the many used freely, and needlessly used by dramatic writers, which has any justification is *dénouement*. It happens there is no exact synonym for *dénouement* in its technical sense. The end, the culmination, the surprise, the discovery, are all slightly different in meaning from that ingenious loosening of intrigue which the word *dénouement* implies. In fact, permission to use *dénouement* as though it were an English word might rightfully be granted at once.—*Ex.*

The following notes of a speech recently delivered in Dublin are not without interest. Speaking on the much-vexed Irish land question the speaker said: "The country is overrun by absentee landlords," and after a magnificent peroration, delivered from the tub on which he was standing, he said: "I tell you, the cup of old Ireland's misery is overflowing; aye, and it's not full yet."

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Items.

CITY.

There was a light rain in this city and in many parts of the State last Monday. No damage done.

The Nineteenth Annual Fair of the Mechanics' Institute opened in this city yesterday, with remarks by President Cornwall, and an oration by Frank M. Pixley, in the Grand Opera House. The Exposition bids fair to be a good one, as usual. Exhibitors are busy getting their goods in order in the Pavilion. The fair usually continues six or eight weeks.

The demand for money in this city continues good and rates are firm. These rates vary from 6 to 10 per cent. The savings banks are loaning on city real estate at 6 to 7 per cent, and pay the mortgage taxes, which are expected to be about 1 1/2. Most of the commercial loans are made at 8, though some are rated as high as 9 and 10, and others as low as 6 and 7. Wheat loans vary from 6 to 8. Private capitalists are loaning on call at 5 to 6.

EASTERN.

Massachusetts has another city, making twenty-three in all, as the voters of Waltham have accepted a city charter.

Dr. Dio Lewis, after having in vain tried the mountains for relief from hay-fever, has been entirely cured by working on a farm.

Capitalists from Michigan have received concessions from the Government of Honduras, enabling them to cut mahogany on a large scale.

The Boston Y. M. C. Union is providing carriages for invalids again this season. Last year it made over 1,000 persons happy in this delightful way.

The citizens of Pierre, Southern Dakota, have given a twenty-acre lot and pledged \$25,000 for the erection of a college building for the Presbyterian University to be located there.

The National Baptist says that the skies of smoky Pittsburg are already clearer from the substitution of natural gas for bituminous coal as fuel in the glass factories and iron mills.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to children, similar to that in N. Y. city, has been organized in London. "Hesba Stretton," the popular writer, has shown much interest in its formation.

About 200 of the representatives of Rebecca Nurse, who was hanged as a witch, at Salem, Mass., July 10, 1775, observed the anniversary at Danvers, and arranged to erect a monument to her memory.

One Dr. O'Donnell of this city is reported as creating a good deal of excitement in Eastern cities, by his threat that he will exhibit leprosy in Chinamen among them. He has no such lepers as our city papers have told the Eastern people again and again.

The merchants of Clayton county, Ga., which a year ago voted for the prohibitory law, now say that trade is ten per cent. better and collections from thirty to forty per cent. better. The jail at Jonesborough has been advertised for sale, and the moral tone of the county is improved.

Professor Bickmore, Superintendent of the American Museum of Natural History, is preparing a series of photographic slides for the lantern, designed for use in the public schools, showing the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system.

A grand public reception was given to Lieutenant Greely and his companions—our Arctic heroes—at Portsmouth, N. H., last Monday. There was a procession, and in the evening speeches were made by Secretary Chandler, Gov. Hale, Congressman Sam'l. J. Randall and others. Gen. B. F. Butler made an address, which favored further efforts to reach the north pole. Then let Gen. Butler himself undertake that job. We can spare him from the corps of Presidential Candidates for that work. Don't believe he wants to go.

FOREIGN.

Sweden has but three Roman Catholic churches.

Corea already has a newspaper which is printed in Chinese.

Paper bottles are extensively made and sold in Germany and Austria.

The Prussian Bible Society during its ten-years' history has distributed 1,233,254 Bibles and 823,597 New Testaments.

In 1875 Japan had only fifty-three periodicals of all kinds; it has now at least 2,000, one of its daily papers having a circulation of 20,000.

The Farmers' Club in Wirral, Eng., has offered three pence for every dozen heads of sparrows, or for every dozen of their eggs, for the sake of diminishing the pest.

After a nine-months' tour in India, visiting the various mission stations and preaching to natives and Europeans there, Mr. Geo. Muller of Bristol has returned to England.

The gratifying news has been received that General Gordon was safe at Khartoum as late as June 22d, with a force of 8,000 men, with which he is from time to time punishing the rebels.

At the recent Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast there were exhibited a communion cup found in a grave in Bohemia by the side of a Protestant nobleman and a priest, who were slain in the battle of Lipan in 1434, and also a sword of an executioner, with which twenty-four noblemen and gentlemen of Bohemia were beheaded in Prague in 1621, whose names were engraved on the blade.

Sunday-school Lesson for August 17th. II Sam. xviii: 24-33.

ABSAALOM'S DEATH.

BY REV. W. A. TENNEY.

Golden Text—"Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death." (Mark vii: 10.)

The close of our last lesson left David and his body-guard preparing to flee beyond Jordan to escape the rebellion of Absalom. The 15th, 16th and 17th chapters throw great light on the present lesson. At this trying period the spirit of David was strongly marked with humble submission and trust. His religious advisers attempted to carry the Ark of the covenant with them, but David said: "Carry back the Ark of God into the city. If I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation; but if he thus say, 'I have no delight in thee,' behold here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him."

The king feared the cool plots of an old and able statesman more than he did the precipitate fury of young Absalom. When one reported Abithophel among the conspirators David went directly to God for help, saying: "O Lord, I pray thee turn the counsel of Abithophel into foolishness." How short, direct, specific and effectual this prayer in great emergency! When Hushai, the king's best counselor, attempted to follow him in flight David sent him back to join Absalom, that he might outwit and defeat the schemes of the arch Abithophel. As David fled, Shimei, a remnant of Saul's house, came out on a hill-side and threw stones and cursed and stated some lamentable truths. The friends of the king asked permission to slay the insolent fellow, but the great man patiently bowed before the stinging insult and received it as the Lord's rebuke, saying: "Let him alone and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him."

At a council of war Abithophel advised the immediate pursuit of David, but Hushai advised a little delay and fuller preparation. His plan was adopted; and when Abithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he at once went home and hanged himself. This was the answer to David's prayer. The enemy, left to God's management, killed himself. The king spared no time in fortifying himself in a stronghold beyond the Jordan. He then put his army in order under the best officers. In his final charge in regard to his renegade son he revealed the degree of his paternal love. "Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom." He would have the enemy spared who was using all his skill and power to take his life. "The battle was in the wood of Ephraim. Twenty thousand men were slain and the army of David encompassed Absalom. The rebel's hair became entangled in the boughs of an oak, and as his mule passed from under him he was left helpless, dangling between heaven and earth. When Joab learned the condition of Absalom he thrust him through with darts and thus finished the rebellion."

(24) "David sat between the gates." The outer and inner gate, to learn the news of the battle. "The roof"—the most conspicuous lookout. "A man running alone"—a messenger bearing tidings.

(26) "The porter"—the man who attends the gate.

(27) "Abimaeaz." The son of Zadok the priest, who was to report the battle from the midst of Absalom's army. "A good man"—a friend.

(28) "All is well." A customary greeting. The appearances are favorable. He had no definite news. He only saw the tumult of armies.

(29) "Is the young man Absalom safe?" To David there was something more precious than the subduing of the revolt and the safety of the kingdom. Base as had been the conduct of this son, and unnatural his crimes, still, in David the heart of the father was superior to the dignity of the king. The question above all others—Is Absalom safe? "The king was lost in the father." (30) "Turn aside." David wanted more definite news.

(31) "Cushi." An Ethiopian slave brings news in abrupt bluntness. The fact comes out that the kingdom is saved, but Absalom is dead—cut down in the midst of his sin. The tidings are rare which bring us unmixed pleasure. The Lord may save life by amputating a deadly evil, but the smart of the knife will be felt.

(33) "The king was much moved, etc." One of the most pathetic passages in all literature is this lament of David. The great good of the kingdom seems swallowed up in his personal grief. What were the drops of bitterness in this cup of anguish? Not the mere fact that a child had died, for he had lost others and was calm. When his infant died he rose in peace and resignation, saying: "I shall go to him." But Absalom, cut down while full of sin and crime, went down to eternity a lost soul. His sun went down in the blackness of eternal darkness. Had he been fatally wounded, and lingered for repentance, it would have seemed otherwise. The most terrible thought in connection with a life of sin is that when one feels himself the most secure he may, without a moment's warning, drop into that gulf where hope and mercy can never enter.

HINTS.

1. Loose family government cannot be mended when the children are grown.
2. Disobedience to parents is the first step toward rebellion against all government, human and divine.
3. No father's love can save a grown son from the torrent of his own passions and sins.
4. The career of brilliant, fast young men is almost certain to be short, tragic and sad.
5. We cannot die for, nor suffer the

punishment of, sinners; but we can bring them to Christ, who can save them.

6. Let everyone inquire, What will be the end of my present course if continued?

7. Oh, the lost sinner's eternity!

Washington Letter.

July 29th, 1884.

Headquarters of the Republican Congressional committee in this city are decorated with paper plumes, in various colors. They are campaign insignias, and every Blaine man is expected to wear one.

Campaign literature has undergone very little change, and what appears to be good political capital in 1884 differs very little from what was thought to be effective fifty years ago. The list of speeches to be sent out of which there are twenty-five, is headed by that of Hon. William Kelly, on the Morrison Tariff bill. The other speeches, with one exception, relate to the Tariff, and were delivered by Senator Morrill, and Representatives Russell, McKinley, Chase, Hisecock, Kasson, Bremer and others. The speech of the latter includes James G. Blaine's discussion of the Tariff. There are other pamphlets composed of extracts from the Tariff eloquence of lesser Congressional lights in the Republican party. The only exception to the great issue speeches relates to the necessity of a Navy, and was delivered by Senator Miller.

The White House will be empty for a time; the President and every member of his Cabinet is out of town. Still the ship of State drifts along to day in the channel of routine. Secretary Chandler is in New Hampshire getting ready to receive the Greely party, and some Admiral is acting Secretary of the Navy. Secretary Lincoln has gone to the seaside for a few days, and some Chief Clerk is at the head of the War Department. Mr. Frelinghuysen will spend the next month at his New Jersey home, and some Assistant Secretary manages the Department of State. Postmaster-General Gresham and Secretary of the Interior Teller have gone to their Western homes, leaving some experienced officials in charge of their executive duties. Attorney-General Brewster is recreating at Long Branch, while one of the innumerable Assistant Attorney Generals holds the scales at the Department of Justice. With the Administration in this completely dissolved state, there is little prospect of a Cabinet meeting before September, but any question of sufficient importance will be forwarded to Cabinet officers for their action.

When the President left the White House, all the servants and attendants stood on the portico to see him off. He wore a blue suit, white hat and a rosebud in his button-hole. His little daughter Nellie and niece Miss McElroy accompanied him, and as he waved his adieu to the crowd he looked happy at the prospect of rest from official cares. During his absence the Executive Mansion will be renovated and refurnished in the way it is to be occupied by the next President.

Two hundred men are employed now in the construction of the new Pension building, in the immense court of which, three hundred feet long by one hundred wide, they expect to hold the inaugural ball on the fourth of next March. The work is progressing rapidly and will be one of the most substantial of the Government buildings here, besides being unique in many of its appointments.

During the vacation many improvements will be added to the Capitol and its grounds. The grassy terraces extending around the west front and the northern and southern ends of the Capitol are now being dug away, to be replaced by white, paneled marble walls. The purpose of this change is to beautify the grounds and at the same time to enhance the Capitean structure by apparently increasing its height. The Senate appropriated over \$700,000, for this improvement, but the House curtailed it at \$600,000. When Congress grants sufficient money the walls will be extended all around to the grand eastern stairways. Under these terraces eighty-four new rooms will be constructed, which are greatly needed for storage and for committees.

Married.

PULLEN—RANDLETT.—At the Randlett House, in Oakland, July 31, 1884, by Rev. W. H. Cooke, Mr. James Pullen to Miss Elvira Randlett.

Miss Randlett has been a member of the choir of the Golden Gate church for nearly four years. We part with her with reluctance, but wish her a long and prosperous married life. W. H. C.

There are four more centenarian subscribers to the new Morning Star; one 100 years and 6 months old, one 100 years and 10 months, while another is 108 years old, and the fourth, as is affirmed, has reached the age of 111 years.

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Littell's Living Age.....	8.00	9.50

"NOTHING WRONG WITH MY LUNGS NOW."

A patient writes nearly a year after using Compound Oxygen:

"There is nothing wrong with my lungs now, and for that I have to thank you more than anything else. It is true, there are days when I do not feel as bright as I could wish, but if it had not been for the Oxygen I doubt if I would be here to feel at all."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, Dr. J. A. Benton, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Malaria from the undrained Pontine marshes, near Rome, is a terror to travelers. Ayer's Cure is an effective protection from the disease, and a cure for those who have become its victims. It works just as effectively in all malarial districts on this side of the sea. Try it.

Again we desire to call the attention of readers who are looking about for real estate to the sale, advertised in another column, of ten-acre lots at Haywards, August 16th. We have not seen this particular piece, but the general locality is a very favorite one.

We have no hesitation in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this paper of stained glass, wall papers, window shades, etc., by the well-known house Geo. W. Clarke & Co., 645 Market street, San Francisco. We recommend this house to our friends who want goods in this line.

We recommend the house Carroll & Tilton, 873 Market street, whose advertisement see in another column, to our friends for clothing, etc. We have bought of them with entire satisfaction. Their prices are very reasonable.

Don't forget, when making up your outfit for vacation, that our friend Samuel Irving is at 219 Montgomery street with a complete stock of gent's furnishing goods; rates reasonable.

Rooms.—Persons desiring to rent desirable rooms in the best parts of San Francisco by the day, week or month, with or without board, at low rates, please call at office or send to THE PACIFIC.

THE KING & MORSE CANNING COMPANY.

Offers the choicest Fruits, Jams, Jellies and Sausages, especially prepared for family use, in order to save the housekeeper the trouble, expense and inconvenience of "putting up" the same class of goods at home. All cans or glasses found bearing the label of this company will be found equal, if not superior, to those packed by the most careful housewife, and can be relied on every time.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearney street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently doubled the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

The Homiletic Monthly for August is prompt in its appearance, and comes richly freighted with choice and valuable reading. The general articles embrace a stirring paper on "The Finger of God in Foreign Missions," by Dr. A. T. Pierson; "Historical Illustrations," by Dr. J. M. Ludlow; "Pastoral and Sermon Habits," by Dr. T. L. Cuyler, and an able paper on "Evolution," by Dr. J. M. Buckley. But the article likely to attract most attention is the one on "Lay Criticism on the Ministry and the Methods of Church Work." Price \$2.50 a year; 25 cents a single number. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York.

PRICES CURRENT.

Silver, \$1.10 1/4 per oz., 1000 fine; silver 925 fine. 50 1/2 per oz.

COMMERCIAL.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.00 to 5.20; medium grades, \$3.50 to 4.50; Shipping Superfine, \$3.00 to 4.25.

Wheat—\$1.35 to 1.37 1/2 per ct.

Barley—Feed, 82 1/2 to 85c

Oats—No. 1, \$1.45 to 1.55.

Feed—Bran, \$16.00 to 17.00; ground barley, \$20 to 22; middlings, \$19 to 21; oil-cake, \$30.00 per ton.

Potatoes—50 to 85c per cwt.

Fruit—Lemons, \$3.50 per box for Sicily; Bananas, 1.50 to \$3.00 per bunch; California Oranges \$2.50 to 3.50 per box; strawberries, \$7.00 to 8.00 per chest; currants, \$1.75 to 2.25 per chest; Apples, 40c to \$1.00 per box; Raspberries, \$8.00 to 9.00 per chest; Peaches, 75c to \$1 per box; Blackberries, \$3.00 to 3.25 per chest; Figs, 30 to 50c per box; Plums, 40 to \$1 per box; Apricots, 85c to \$1.00 per box.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 60c per ct.; Green Peas, 2 to 2 1/2 per lb; Tomatoes, 10c to 75c per box; Cauliflower, 50c to 75c per doz; Turnips, 50c to 65c per ct; Green Corn, 6 to 10c per doz.

Hay—\$8.00 to 16.00 for all grades. Straw, 50 to 65c per bale.

Butter—Choice, Cal. 23 to 24c.

Eggs—25 to 30c per doz for Cal.

Honey—Strained, 5c to 5 1/2c for white.

Beef—7 1/2 to 8c first quality; 5 1/2 to 6c for third.

Mutton—Wethers, 5 1/2 to 6c; Ewes, 5 to 5 1/2c.

Lamb—7 1/2 to 8 1/2c.

Pork—Live hogs, 6 1/2 to 6 3/4c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed do, 8c to 8 1/2c.

Wool—10c to 21c.

Hides and Skins—Sheep skins, 10 to 20c for shearlings; 30c to 50c for short; 65c to 75c for medium; 90c to \$1.00 for long wool.

BAKING POWDERS CONTAINING LIME.

Why "Royal" is Absolutely Pure.

Analysis shows the presence of Tartrate of Lime in several brands of Baking Powder placed upon the market.

"DR. PRICE'S" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

"PEARL" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

"GROFF'S SNOW-FLAKE" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

"DE LAND'S" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

All BULK Baking Powders contain Tartrate of Lime.

The presence of this substance in the above-named Baking Powders results from the use of inferior Cream of Tartar in their manufacture. The Cream of Tartar of the market, from which they are made, contains Tartrate of Lime in amounts varying from six to ten per cent, and hence these powders contain this impurity as a foreign substance to a corresponding extent, which is of no value, but a positive detriment in any powder in which it is found.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar specially refined and prepared for its use by patent processes by which the Tartrate of Lime is totally eliminated. This highly important result has been attained only with great care, labor, and expense. In money alone a quarter of a million dollars has been invested in patents, machinery and appliances by which the crude Cream of Tartar, being procured direct from the wine districts of Europe and subjected in this country to these exclusive processes, is rendered entirely free, not only from the objectionable Tartrate of Lime, but from other foreign substances. This adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing Royal Baking Powder; but, as all its other ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care, and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is entirely free from any extraneous substance, and chemically pure in all respects. No lime, earth, alum, or impurity of any kind can, by inadvertence, or by the use of adulterated articles or otherwise, be introduced into the "Royal," and it contains no ingredients except those certified by the Government and other eminent chemists necessary to make a pure, wholesome, and perfect Baking Powder.

It costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking Powder than any other, but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the only "absolutely pure" Baking Powder made.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
Hardware and Agricultural Implements.
MANUFACTORY,
BENICIA AGRICULTURAL WORKS.
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SAN FRANCISCO: JUNCTION MARKET, PINE AND DAVIS STREETS.
SACRAMENTO: Nos. 9-15 J STREET.
FOR CIRCULARS AND PRICE-LIST APPLY TO
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THE PACIFIC'S

GRAM'S FIVE DOLLAR



Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton says:

"We have also Gram's Atlas for a number of weeks, and we have examined it with some care. It is a fine work, and we are able to say, that its excellence grows upon us. It is fresh and accurate, and latest of the times. Its lines are fine, yet clear and distinct, and its outlines, prominent. It is quite full and gives a fair impression of all parts of the world. Its charts and plates are instructive, and well executed. Its statistics are many and valuable. It is manageable in size, and not too large for desk or table. No house full of children to be taught, or of grown people that all so desirable in halls and libraries. In fine, the size and structure of the atlas are such as to render it procurable at low rates."

Address letters of inquiry to

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CRAZY-PATCHWORK.

Send to the STANDARD SILK WORKS, 23 Park Row, New York, for a dollar package of beautiful Silks for Patchwork. EMBROIDERY Silks, assorted colors, 20c pkg.

AGENTS

Wanted for our new book, **RURAL CITIES RECOVERED.** These Nations contain millions of people. The designs of Portraits, Pictures and Kings unfolded. Great discoveries and new truths. Low prices. Sell greatly. Subscribers delivered. WM. GARRISON & CO., 105 Washington St., San Francisco.

The 2nd issue of the Pacific, in August, was published in and Presbyterian Association of Ministers, until published by THE PACIFIC, at Directors for 1884. Flint, W. M. Sear, S. A. Chapin, and

WHOLE

Chin SOUTH

The only remedy that laborers in the Southern States commenced work in 1847. The Canton consists of 18,000 men, with 10,000 women and children. They have 10,000 acres of land, 386 men, 386 women and children. In 1847, the first medical dispensary was opened. During the past year, the work of this the Scriptures in the Church. Once R. H. Graves had when a certain studied. They Proverbs when to be present at Rev. Mr. Simms connected with the Francisco, but for like China to work. Both these gentlemen and represent churches there. successful mission indicate. Few much for the labor. The lady mission tunities to work thus they toil on souls in Canton, country and in the May God bless them.

LONDON. Now, let us turn to the cities, and first to the sister society, the Society, who has place wherever she in China, where she mence missionary direction of Dr. and zeal to become land are so well dwell upon it here. ble earnestness and language under the stances are every. They have had a although the first said to have been latter years.

In Canton there located, and their out-stations comparative preachers, 3 or 2 Bible-women boys' school. I have a self Canton, whose h built by natives. aries (Rev. Messrs are only trading in predecessors, in pro the millions of C.

CHURCH MISI This mission has missionary in this here for five year though alone, has oversea, and often into the country; of all the societies of this society give 8 chapels, 70 churches and 2 boys' chiefs of some 24 tendency. This m fortune of having h in the Chinese re and lost all that he returned from one and had scarcely when the mob came. All the keepsakes o property were thus

BERLIN. This is a German would indicate, and posed of three Ger people who are despise tive Soil race" (as and the others of v It is a people very ble to religious in envious neighbors. truth that there is a Soil race" who do when any one calls